

#53

LadyLike

Exploring & Expressing Femininity

**Pics From
Poconos
2002!**

Profile Girl

**Dana Lynn
Archer**

**DramaQueen
Walking While Trans
Part 2**

US\$12 - Can\$24



**Jane Martin
Boston Ivy**

**Roxanne Van Ness
Stalking Feat
and
photos,
photos,
photos!**



Letter From The Editor



REALITY

Angela Gardner

Our Profile girl this issue, the lovely and lady like Dana Lynn Archer, told us in her interview that at one time in her life she was *actually* in the closet. To get dressed up she would retreat to a large walk-in closet, close the door and then dress in her favorite feminine items. To someone who is not a crossdresser this could seem like strange behavior. Think about it. A single, adult, tax paying citizen who wants to do something, makes sure all his doors are locked, goes into the closet, shuts the door and does his thing. Might that not give the non-CD the idea that these crossdressers are weird?

It would make me think that CDs are weird if I hadn't been there at one time. When I first started to "doll up", as a friend of mine calls it, I lived alone. I would go around the house making sure that the front and back doors were locked, the window blinds were down and the curtains (I had curtains and blinds for *extra* safety) were drawn. Then I would take further precautions and put tape over the old fashioned key hole in the front door. You never know when someone will sneak into your yard and peek through that keyhole!


All of this elaborate security activity makes the measures taken by the Department of Homeland Defense seem like light weight stuff. Duct tape? I was a forward thinker; that's what I used all those years ago to keep out peeping Toms. It's not just for chemical and biological defense anymore! But, as usual, I digress.

Why do we go to these extremes? Mainly it all has to do with shame. We're ashamed to act on our feminine urges. As alluring as it is to go to Lady land we worry that there will be consequences. The urge is to shave our bodies smooth and slip into women's clothing that makes us feel sexy. The idea that anyone should see us engaging in an activity that might diminish our status as males is totally frightening. The thing is, everybody at one time or another has doubts about themselves. Am I typical? Is there something wrong with me? Men worry that they will not measure up in the manliness department. Women have issues about weight. These stereotypical ideals are cultural. They have grown over the past few centuries and we all carry them around with us, and apply them to ourselves and to others. When

we first begin to think about crossing the gender border the stereotypes all stand up straight in the back of our minds and ask questions like, "Sure it feels good but what's this mean about your sexuality? Are you a sissy? How is a man who wants to wear lingerie ever going to have a real relationship with a woman?" Because we can't stop thinking about feminine frolic we make it our deep dark secret. If no one knows about it, it can't hurt me is the attitude. But, when we go that way we let the door open for more fear. Dealing with shifting something as basic as your gender identity is hard enough. Doing it in the atmosphere of paranoia that being a closet dweller instills can become intolerable.

A&E produced a documentary which aired in March called *Role Reversal*. (The show is available from A&E's online store.) They took two men and two women and sent them through a "gender boot camp" where they learned how to change their gender expression. The experiment lasted for a month. After the initial few days the four started to get regular group therapy to deal with any issues that came up. Because most people go through life not even thinking about their gender it was very difficult for these people to deal with the emotions that came up when they went out and interacted with the world as the opposite gender. The women were more successful crossing to the male world than the guys were but all, whether they passed or not, went through emotional distress just from being in their reassigned gender role. One of the women refused to have any contact with the producers after the show and a psychologist who worked with them said that she had lost her "self" during the experiment. That's pretty powerful stuff.

It's also powerful stuff for TGs. Even though we *want* to do it, in many cases need to do it, crossing the border can be so daunting that it is necessary for us to put our other self into a closet, behind locked doors so that she *doesn't* actually get out and develop too much.

One reason the guys on *Role Reversal* didn't pass was their failure to maintain their feminine voices. Both were capable but they would often drop into guy voices. The show psychologist said this happened because voice was the last frontier. If they felt worried about whether they were passing, instead of doing the femme voice better they would drop into the male voice to ground themselves in their male identity and take the pressure off. Since they were not TGs that worked for them. If we want to enjoy the best of both worlds we need to learn to walk both paths confidently. Now, do your homework and have fun. 

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In this issue...

Features

Profile: Dana Lynn Archer 4

This California girl has sex appeal, style and class.

A Night On The North Side 15

Was driving around town en femme a good idea?

Paradise In The Poconos 2002 17

Photos from the 2002 event! It's almost like being there.

Stalking Feat 22

Roxanne Van Ness goes to the movies... and someone follows her! Run, Roxanne! Run!

Bound, Gagged & Mewing 26

Elizabeth Hulbek has written a tale about what it's like to be a lonely widow who longs for bondage and discipline, and takes steps to get it.

DramaQueen - Walking While Trans 31

Part 2 of the historic hazards of ladies out and about.

Boston Ivy 36

Jane Martin explores a young TG girl's first relationship.

Foxy Roxy 37

Roxy tells us just why she's *The Social Butterfly*.

Departments

Editorial 2

Reader's Letters 10

Mirror-Mirror 24, 28, 44

Resources 38

Dana Lynn Archer

Height: 5' 6"

Weight: 135 lb.

Age: I was born in the 20th Century but I'm really a 21st Century girl at heart.

Residence: Southern California

Profession: Health professional

Shoe Size: 9

Dress Size: 10 to 12

Favorite Clothes: INC tops, Jones New York, Donna Ricco, Gap stretch jeans

Favorite Things: flowers, books, and smiles

Turn ons: open-minded, sophisticated, people, and making small talk with other women

Turn offs: war, fanaticism, and intolerance

Perfume: Jean Paul Gaultier Classique

Music: Alanis Morissette, Avril Lavigne, Jewel

Movies: Romantic comedies and really bad sci-fi flicks

Places: the west coast, beaches, mountains, San Francisco

Activities: Shopping, conventions, dining, dancing, personal development, and watching sunsets



Dana Lynn Archer

LL: Welcome to LadyLike, Dana.

Dana: Thank you so much for inviting me to be your Profile Girl. I'm so excited!

LL: We're excited to have you join our gallery of LadyLike cover girls.

Dana: I've wanted to be a LadyLike cover girl since I was a little girl! So to speak. Seriously, I owe a lot to your magazine. It was LL cover girl Ellen McKinnon who helped me to get the courage to go out in public in December of 2001.

LL: So let our readers know all about Dana.

Dana: I grew up in a pretty typical lower middle class family and I remember being fascinated by my sister's toys, dolls, and playhouses. The earliest crossdressing memory I have is stepping into my mom's high heels at age 5 and laughing with joy as I pranced around the house.

LL: Well, a great pair of pumps can do that to any kid. Did you wear those pumps often?

Dana: Just that once. I didn't think much about crossdressing in my early childhood years. I was quiet and introverted even as a young child. When I was about eight or nine years old I had the most amazing dream.

LL: Tell us!

Dana: In the dream I wake up and walk through the quiet dark house and out to the garage. There I see the figure of an older girl, maybe 12 or 13, standing in the middle of the empty garage staring at me. She has long brown hair; soft brown eyes and is wearing a long flowing white nightgown. She is the most beautiful, captivating, and absolutely luminous creature I have ever seen. I stand there staring back at her, lost in some kind of trance for what seems like a long, long time. Suddenly, she smiles at me, shining with warmth and kindness. I say to her, "who are you?" She answers, "I am you." The most incredible feeling of joy sweeps over me and overcomes me. The garage and house disappear and I am staring up at the night sky engulfed by pure loving

energy. Then I wake up. My life since that moment has been about recapturing that feeling. When I realized I could begin to recapture it through crossdressing I began to experiment, but in the beginning there was guilt and shame.

LL: I think most of us have been there. It's cute if the little boy prances around in mommy's heels but if he keeps it up we learn that it's not something boys are supposed to do. But we can't stop, can we?

Dana: No. And the guilt of my early experimentation drove me to suppress the urges and channel the energy into schoolwork and hobbies (model building) throughout most of my teen years.

LL: And those years are certainly loaded with energy. You must have had excellent grades, and a lot of intricate models. When did the crossdressing urge come back?

Dana: Not until college. I came across an advertisement for a TV boutique in *Playboy* magazine.

LL: In Playboy? Wow, I guess I really did pay too much attention to the pictures. I should have read the ads.

Dana: I bought a few items there but never dressed completely as a woman because I wore a mustache and beard throughout my college years. It was four years later



continued on next page

before I would attempt a complete transformation. I bought a very cheap wig, some Max Factor pan stick make up and a second hand dress. My apartment had a huge walk in closet (that's why I picked it) and I dressed in there.

LL: Oh my! You really were...

Dana: In the closet. Literally! I dared not venture out of that closet.

LL: Good thing it was a walk in. You could have suffocated. I'm sure our readers are very glad you finally made it out of there. When did that happen?

Dana: For years I went through the usual guilt feelings and subsequent purges. Of course that wasn't all bad since purges are a good excuse to buy better clothes. But, back to the story. I was in the closet until the day before my 29th birthday. I was riding my bike that day and got hit by a car.

LL: Oh no, were you hurt?

Dana: I narrowly escaped serious injury and possibly death but was left with a sore back. While recuperating at home I began to experiment again with crossdressing and I made a call to a local support group.

LL: That can take a major amount of effort.

Dana: That call literally changed my life. Joining the club required a personal interview. I'll never forget that evening when I met my "connection" at a phone booth in the



parking lot of the local public library.

LL: Isn't that a bit James Bondie?

Dana: I felt like I was joining some secret underground political organization planning to overthrow an oppressive government.

LL: I don't know if I could have made that rendezvous. I think I would have worried that it was a setup.

Dana: Yes, but my "connection" was quite open, friendly and warm and put me at ease rather quickly. After about a 15 minute interview in her car I followed her through dark winding country roads to a house in the countryside. There I met other members of the club.

LL: Did they blindfold you?

Dana: No, don't be silly.

LL: Sorry, but some of these groups get so cloak and dagger. This was a giant step for you. Please go on.

Dana: It was my first encounter with other crossdressers like myself. It was so rewarding and gratifying to be welcomed with open arms. It was also the first time I was ever called by my femme name with feminine pronouns, even though I was still in male mode of dress. What a wonderful feeling!

LL: It really is a great feeling. What happened next?

Dana: The next ten months was a true coming out period for me. My femme self was finally being expressed and shared with others. I took make up classes through the club, bought a pair of femme eyeglasses and started to build a modest wardrobe. I worked hard at my job but took time off on the weekends for long trips to the mall. I shopped for women's clothes in male mode exclusively.

LL: When did you get around to shopping en femme?

Dana: I didn't get the courage to shop en femme till many years later, in fact, only two months ago.

LL: You're kidding... you are so feminine and believable. And at five six you're the perfect height for passing. Oops, she's blushing. But, let's get back to the coming out



years. What was your life like then?

Dana: I dressed two or three times a week and visited the club a couple of times a week. I made many good friends there. Friends that understood me like no other friends before. Sometimes there would just be hanging out, playing Ms PacMan video games and talking. Other times we'd go on excursions to T friendly places.

LL: Watch those old time video game references, you'll date yourself. Any good stories from those bygone days?

Dana: Well, one time I even went to a straight Country and Western bar with two club members (in male mode) and their wives.

LL: As long as you didn't ride the mechanical bull I bet you blended right in.

Dana: But that was the only time out in the real world. I was out in a fashion, but only within the confines of the TG world. And that was not doing it for me anymore. I wanted more.

LL: Oh, I know that feeling. I bet you were out big time in just a short while, right?

Dana: No. I retreated to the closet for several months.

LL: What sent you back to the walk-in?

Dana: Being heterosexual I was torn between time spent

dressing and time spent dating women.

LL: Ah, the big one for heterosexual TVs. Finding Ms Right, and hoping she won't see your cross-dressing as totally wrong. How did you search for her?

Dana: I tried bars. I tried dating services. I tried personals.

LL: Any of those work?

Dana: No. I finally met the love of my life in my own backyard. Sometimes it takes a while to realize you're wearing the ruby slippers. It was literally love at first sight. We were dating for about a month when I decided to tell her about my femme self.

LL: You really are one for the big, dramatic changes. How did it go?

Dana: It took a lot of courage but it went well. At first it was a crossdresser's dream come true—a caring, understanding soul mate. But that was short lived. We eventually married, had children and we are still happily married. But her acceptance gradually faded to mere tolerance.

LL: I think CDs need some kind of Doctor Phil type therapist who can help them turn their spouse's initial acceptance into full blown support.

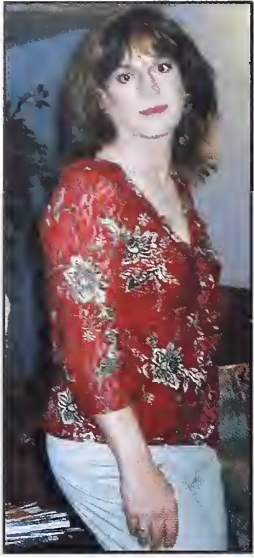
Dana: Yes, that would be a big help. Dana was put on a back burner then. I didn't dress much and when I did it was when the odd opportunity came along and no one was in the house. My spouse was not understanding at all then.

LL: I know of many TG ladies who get initial acceptance from a SO and then their ability to take it drops off sharply. Someone should do a study on that. What did you do?

Dana: I went virtual and discovered I could be Dana on



continued on next page



the Internet! I really got into comic chat, which is an old program that allows you to chat as a comic book character with other people over the Net. I really felt accepted as a girl, but I felt a little two dimensional.

LL: That can happen when you're being a comic book character, I suppose. How did you get from a comic book heroine to LadyLike cover girl?

Dana: Well, in 2000 I made a big discovery. Out of town conventions! I told my spouse about Cal Dreamin' in San Francisco. To my surprise she liked the idea because "it

seemed safer for me to be in a different city." So we kind of agreed on one or two conventions a year. Finally I was at a point where I could afford to go and it was a safer alternative to risking being found out in my hometown.

LL: Was

Cal Dreamin' your first convention?

Dana: Yes, I went and absolutely loved it. What a joy to be out as Dana for three days! I took a movement class with Denea Doyle and quickly realized how much I loved dancing. We danced till the wee hours at a local club. I met so many new friends. It was just a great feeling of freedom after keeping Dana under wraps for so long. But going out twice a year was not going to work for me.

LL: I don't think I could stay butch that long either. What solution did you come up with?

Dana: I could be Dana when I was traveling "on business." In fact in May of 2000 I went to Phyllis' Fantasies in Denver for a makeover.

LL: Ooh, we love to have people use little brushes on our faces and make us pretty. How did you enjoy that?

Dana: It turned into one of those magical nights you think can only happen in a Sandy Thomas novel. After the makeover I went to a fashion show. I was looking forward to sitting quietly and enjoying the show when Phyllis came in with this panicky look saying that one of the girls was a no-show so they needed someone to fill in.

LL: A star is born!

Dana: And, I happened to be just the right size. So the



next thing I know, I'm backstage going through the outfits I'm going to model.

LL: From Internet cartoon character to super model!

Dana: Actually it was pretty hard work because you have to change into the next outfit right after you get off stage. But I was having too much fun to notice. After the show we partied late into the night and when I got back to my hotel the streets had been blocked off for a parade the next day so I couldn't get in to park and didn't want to walk the streets as Dana at that hour.

LL: Not a good idea. Can you say hello officer? What-ever did you do?

Dana: I went to a friend's place and changed. Once in male mode I rammed through the barriers so I could get to the hotel parking. What a night to remember that was!

LL: Sometimes it's nice to have a fella to do the dirty work like barrier ramming. What was next in 2000?

Dana: In November, I went to L.A. for Holiday en Femme. I met Virginia Prince there. She's always been an inspiration to me through her books and writing. She was celebrating her 88th birthday and still going strong. Could crossdressing be the secret to a long life? Well certainly a happier life. Again I made many new friends and just loved every minute of being there!

LL: So being Dana out of town is working for you?



Dana: I consider that I have reached a happy medium where I can compartmentalize the different aspects of my life. It's a balancing act, going between family, work, hobbies, and crossdressing. It's not easy, that's true, but it works.

Hey it worked for Clinton!

LL: Well... sort of. Back to your trek into the future. What's happened between 2000 and now?

Dana: A lot has happened. In 2001, I went back to Cal Dreamin', now somewhat more comfortable, and experienced—at least getting out in a safe environment like a convention. Making new friends and going out partying till the wee hours was just wonderful. I met up with Ellen and we had a great time at the "Top of the Mark" restaurant. That was my first time getting asked to dance by a man.

LL: Talk about scary. What did you do?

Dana: I Danced with him. It was wonderful and even though I normally have two left feet, I just went with the flow and everyone said I looked great. But, the elastic in my skirt had torn earlier in the evening, so I almost lost my skirt when he spun me around!

LL: That would have been a disaster! What happened?

Dana: Luckily, it all held together. What a magical evening that was.

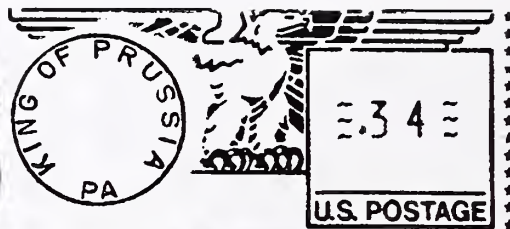
LL: How did you deal with your wardrobe around the house? I imagine your wife wouldn't want to be reminded of what her husband was wearing when he went away "on business."

Dana: I moved all my femme things out of the house and into a rented locker so I could go to my locker anytime I wanted to be Dana. This was a lot better than saving Dana for the one or two conventions a year. I also discovered that



continued on page 41

Letters



Candy and the Queen Mary

More From The Trashy Tarheel

Yes, it has been some time since you have heard from your Trashy Tarheel. I am sending some pictures (so what else is new) of my trip to LA. Again, you must get some of the credit for my boldness in the great big world that is out there. We spent an entire afternoon on the Queen Mary (the ship) and ate in their best restaurant. We were treated like the ladies that we were. I had a ball at Lydia's and Jim Bridges, and here is a picture taken of me in heaven trying on shoes. The red outfit was what I used to wow them in Queen Mary (the club). I say that as I got handled a lot, much to my joy. The swimsuit was around the luxury motel pool. Did I say that I was getting pretty bold? If I did not, then it must be remembered that a lot of the credit goes to my time at Paradise. It was there that one learns so much about being a lady, and even more about oneself.

It is my prayer that you will have the best holiday ever and God will give you new happiness in the 2003. Remember, "Have marriage ceremony, Will travel, Wire Rev. Candy. Love, Candy

What's A Girl To Do?

I'm writing this letter with the hopes that you can help me with a certain situation. They say that a girl can never have too many pairs of shoes. Well, I have too many. It's not that I don't enjoy each and every pair, it's just that I have no room to keep them anymore. After more than 25 years of dressing I don't know what to do with them anymore.

I have offered to give them to all of my TV pen

pals but all of them are size 11 or larger. All of my shoes are size 10. I'll be more than happy to donate shoes to any TV who can use them. All they have to do is contact me.

I have been a subscriber to *LadyLike* for a couple of years and I know you will be able to help me with this situation. I'm enclosing a couple of photos that you may use in an upcoming issue if you like. Thanks for your time and keep up the good work. Sincerely, Janet Laughrin, PO Box 552, Lake Zurich, IL 60047, Subscriber #3944

Angela says: Gosh Janet, you should take those 25 year old shoes to a vintage boutique. Ya got some antiques there, could be worth some money. I've been cleaning out the old stuff myself and one great idea is donating things to the Salvation Army or Goodwill. Another idea, if the shoes are the kind ladies could wear to work (office jobs!) there are organizations that distribute professional clothing to women who are just joining the work force and can't afford new business wear. One such group is online at <<http://www.careerwardrobe.org/clothing.htm>>.



Janet

She's Not A Gay Sex Pervert

What a profile girl you brought out in the last LL. It just shows what can be done when one wants to. A very sedate lady.

I think you have a wonderful magazine and look forward to each issue. A magazine that has a purpose and has not gone to smut. The only problem I have had is bad addresses. Can't be delivered at said address, box closed and no said address. I realize the mail service is poor and they have a set of rules that says no forwarding even if they could.

I have observed that each C.D. has their own idea as to how to look. Some are leg people and some are top people. I have my own image and try to hide the negative and promote the positive. For myself I like



to appear as a fine lady, not too sexy but enough to let them know I am a lady.

At present I think that we all should work to promote the idea that we are not gay, sex perverts only that we have a feminine side that needs to be fulfilled. If more of us could appear on solid instead of smut shows it would help. Be proud and hold our heads high.

I am one of the senior CDs in your readership, 79, but try to be the best I can. Lea

Thank you for your praise, Lea. Regarding the post office, they often won't deliver things addressed to someone who is not authorized to get mail at that address. That means, if you get a PO box you need to add your femme name to the form that tells them who gets mail at that box. Of course there are post offices out there who will put mail addressed to anyone into your box but the ones that toe the line and follow the rules won't. It pays to add your femme name to the authorization form.

We agree that it's a great idea to promote the view that crossdressing doesn't make you a sexual pervert, but keep in mind that it takes all kinds and there are gay crossdressers and there's nothing wrong with that.

She's Assertively Demure

Thank you so much, *LadyLike*, for helping me get in touch with my feminine nature. I can stand tall and say with pride I am a girl, and I love it. Sure, you have to be assertive in this world but the girlish part of me will always be there — soft, sweet, gentle, demure. It's a great feeling. And, I've met some wonderful people and made some great friends.

Hopefully, you can use one of the enclosed



pictures of myself in your next issue.

Sincerely yours,

Elizabeth A. Hulbeck, 1709 Ferndale Ave., Windsor, Ontario, Canada N8T 2K6

Correction Please

I was quite surprised, and pleased, when I saw that you had published my letter about the "Best TG Mag Around" on page 11 of issue #51. But I think that the picture (titled Donna) which followed the letter; actually belongs to Roxanne, the writer of the next letter, in her punk rock girl personae. I would like Roxanne to get the credit she is due for the picture.

I do a female impersonator act. I have performed as Patsy Cline at Poconos '98 (see issue #38 - Page 41), and as Tammy Wynette at Poconos '99 (see issue #41 - Page 19). I have also done some Brenda Lee and Doris Day.

I saw you at Poconos '98 on Saturday night, but didn't get the chance to meet you as you didn't stay too long. Maybe I can rectify this some time in the future, if we travel down to Pennsylvania again.

As for myself, I have had pictures taken of some of my more recent performances, but I don't think they are good enough to send in. If I get some good ones, I'll be sure to send you copies. Keep up the good work. Sisterly yours, Donna Gauthier, #2238

Angela replies: Yes, Donna, even though we do a great job sometimes we make tiny mistakes. We corrected the Roxanne caption mistake in the last issue. Get us those pictures.

Loves Going International

Thanks SO much for running my photos in *LadyLike* #51 (Mirror-Mirror) and publishing my letter. I never thought when I discovered my transgenderism back in 1997, that one day my photos would be in an international magazine. It just shows a girl what great things can happen if you approach your transgenderism in the right way.

I've become very active as "Cris" in several

organizations and have had a great time along the way. It's a world that I never knew existed but I found it when I finally discovered a support group. The rest is history... things just kind of took off for me.

Thanks from me and so many others that love your magazine. I hear so much about it in the letters from (now) around forty pen-gals. Of all the other "TG" magazines I've seen, you have got the best format by far. Sincerely, Cris Fox

Feet Don't Fail Us Now!



Shoes (& legs!) of the Poconos.

Well another year has passed and without question, one of the year's high points was the Poconos. Again, thanks. Enclosed are some pictures for Mirror-Mirror in *LadyLike*. The best caption I can come up with for the feet is "all toes lead to Paradise In The Poconos." Maybe you can come up with a better one. I am the one with the white shoes.

I would like to hear from Carrie Gordon, if she would like to hear from me. She said she had some photos of me. She has my email but I don't have hers. She first wrote to me after we met At Kelly's. If you would contact her, I would appreciate it. My best for the New Year. Ellen Warren



Response To On My Mind

It was a pleasure speaking with you the other day, and I want to thank you for sending me issue #51 of *LadyLike*. I received the magazine yesterday.

I want to wish you the very best in your future endeavors as I read your article, On My Mind. Life does have it's many variances, and one never knows how the future comes about. Good luck and wishes to you.

I have enclosed a few photos and if you find space in your future magazines, please feel free to publish them. Thank you again for sending the magazine. Sincerely, L. Sturek, # 3985

An LL Back Issue Source

In the #51 issue Barbara inquired about where she could get past issues of *LadyLike*. There is a store, Mags, Inc. that specializes in supplying TV related literature. They have most of the issues back to #20 (with a few gaps) for \$10 to \$12 each. To contact them: Mags, Inc., PO Box 5829, Sherman Oaks, CA 91413, 800-359-2116. Web: <www.magsinc.com>. Kitty

Ebay is a good source for back issues of *LadyLike*, too. And of course, always check with CDS first. We do have many of the old issues on the shelves.

She Loves Panties Daily

Thought I would write to tell you what an excellent mag you have. Just love the Mirror-Mirror section. It gives me strength to know there are other



continued on page 13

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Letters...

girls like myself. My wardrobe now takes up a full closet and a dresser. I wear panties on a daily basis to remind me of who I am. I give credit to JoAnn and the rest of the staff for doing a great job making us feel secure.

I love to go outside on photo excursions but this time of year it's a bit drafty up your skirt. Can't wait till spring. Enclosed are some pics for your consideration. Thanks again, Marilyn Fox

What? You only have **one** closet and **one** dresser full of lady's clothes? Have you only been dressing for a couple of months? Just kidding hon, but, keep an eye on all that stuff. If you're not careful you'll have to rent mini storage. (I love that joke.) Seriously, I never wear panties when I am out and about in male mode. I save them for those special times when I dress all the way. But, what ever blows your skirt up is what I always say.

Feed Back on Nicole Bailey

I hope everyone at *LadyLike* and their families and friends have a wonderful and great new year! Thanks for putting out such a wonderful and very informative mag! Each issue gets better and better every time! I love the story of Nicole Bailey. She truly has seemed to have stuck to her guns in how she wants to live her life and let no one stand in her way. I congratulate you Nicole Bailey! In her comment about how some "girls" have the operation (for) male to female and still look like a man in women's clothe, I agree, it is and will be harder for them in life. I've met a few and they seem to be a bit confused on what they really want and/or they're just wanting to look sexy. I seem many of the young ones (TS-TVs) acting or whatever you want to call it, going through the motions, trying to look sexy but not realizing it's not just having breasts or small waists or whatever! They have to know in their minds and hearts "this is who I am inside and what I really want." I think many are getting caught up in the glamour part and not being true to themselves.

Enough of my chattering. I must say Nicole does not look fifty, even though that's still young! To Roxy Van Ness, she definitely has some adventurous



Stephanie

times! You go girl! You give Foxy Roxy from Texas a run.

LadyLike has so many positive and helpful articles and is so supportive it truly is the number one in my book, and life! Thank you for printing my photo and story in letters. As always it's an honor to grace LL with any of my photos. I'm not working at the bar in Brewster anymore. Needed a break from working in the bar scene so I could go out to some places and spend time (more) with my girlfriend.

Uh, Angela, I was always careful when I threw someone out and promise to be very gentle with you if you want me to escort you to the door! I promise not to be too rough! And anytime you want a demonstration I'll show you how I do it! (Editor's note, insert smiley face here.) And, you can flirt with me anytime.

Well gonna close as my stomach needs food. Again, may everyone have a wonderful and prosperous new year!

Take care and be well. Love Stephanie

Thanks for your praise Stephanie and no, I don't need a demonstration. I might break more than a nail in that scenario. But, be careful about judging people. Yes, those who don't look good will have a tougher time but those who don't look like super models can still have the same need to express their femininity. You're right though about people who focus on glamour as the be all. There are millions of women who aren't glamorous but they would never be mistaken for men. Many times more is less.

Ch, Ch, Ch Changes For Breeze

Thanks again for adding my photo to your last issue. It's always such a nice compliment. Life in Hawaii has been good this year. I have had many changes in my life based on my sobriety. (Last drink



11/12/01.) Now that I can feel all my emotions again my feminine side is blossoming. I do as many things as Breeze as I do as my male side. I no longer wear wigs but style my own hair. A curly red head as you can see.) I am exploring all possibilities of my life including a full time transition to being a woman. D do this now with open eyes and a clear head. I know the health risks, the costs financially and emotionally (i.e. family & friends). I will move slowly to find my true gender. Whether it is complete transition or just a crossdressing man, I will find this answer sober.

Thanks again for your wonderful magazine. It is truly a Goddess send for us transgendered folks. Enclosed are new photos. I hope you enjoy them.

Much love, aloha, Breeze

Congratulations on your sobriety, Breeze. You're absolutely correct, a thing as big as finding your true gender identity should definitely be done sober and with any other issues dealt with. Whatever you decide, enjoy!

Interludes of Pleasure...

I thank you for having such a great magazine and one that has given me many interludes of pleasure throughout the years. Today I'm writing to thank you again for inadvertently including JoAnn Worth's mailing address with her gorgeous photo in issue #51. I've been an admirer of hers for many years but could never let her know just how special she is to me. She's a ravishing TV girl and a feast for my eyes. I'll be waiting for the next issue of *LadyLike* to find her email address. I want to thank you again and hope I wasn't too graphic in my admiration of JoAnn.

Herman Taylor, 2710 Webb Ave., Bonx, NY

Well Herman, it was a bit juicy so we had to cut the parts about her derriere. I swear, it got steamy in the office. Just so everyone appreciates how you could go into spasms of rapture here's another photo of Miss Worth. Her email address is jjworth@aol.com.

LL





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A Night on The North Side

Renee Miller

I've always wanted to write about my first time out as Renee. It was a really wonderful feeling. For awhile. But, I shouldn't get ahead of myself like that. Let me start at the beginning.

One night I decided to go for a ride in my car en femme. My wife at the time worked second shift and I was home alone. All dressed up with nowhere to go! I had dressed that night in a black skirt, a tight white sweater, and a lovely long blonde wig. Maybe that long blonde hair was what caused all the trouble?



OH GOD! It's THEM!
What do they WANT?

I got into the car and drove downtown. I lived on the west side of the river so I drove up one street, across a bridge and then went two streets over, driving back across the river on another bridge.

I was afraid my car might be recognized if I drove around

where I usually did, so I decided

to drive along the streets on the north side of town. I hardly ever went to that side of town where I figured no one there would know me. I drove the entire length of 4th street then went a couple of blocks over and worked my way back. I cruised up and down slowly about five times.

Finally, I decided I had had enough fun driving in the car for one night. I turned on to a side street for a couple of blocks then turned again working my way back to 4th so

I could cross the bridge to my side of town. While I was making one of my turns I noticed a car doing the same thing. I went a block and turned again — so did the other car!

Instantly my heart sank to my stomach and fear gripped me! I had no idea where I was at that point and then I couldn't believe my eyes when I noticed I had entered a dead-end street! I immediately stopped, looked into my rear view mirror—and saw that the other car had also stopped a little way behind me. Luckily there was enough room for me to make a really fast, short turn and I got the hell out of there!

Finally I got downtown, and when I pulled up at a red light, out of the corner of my eye, there beside me I saw the same vehicle with some guys inside. They were talking to me but my window was up so I couldn't hear them. I knew there was an alley to my right, in the middle of the block, so I decided to let them think I was going to go straight by creeping ahead very slowly.

The guys were still whistling at me and wanting to talk, but I kept looking straight ahead. As soon as the light turned green I moved ahead and they tore off ahead of me—just as I had hoped! I quickly turned into the alley, turned the corner and headed towards the bridge to safety. As I drove to the next block I looked to my right and saw them going the opposite direction to intercept me but I wouldn't be there. I drove across the river as fast as I could and got myself home safe and sound.

Later that night, I was still shaking from my ordeal. I'd never in my life been so grateful to be home! I had learned my lesson! Maybe dressing sexy and driving around at night in parts of town you're not familiar isn't such a great idea. After thinking about it, I bet those guys thought I was a hooker because I'd kept cruising the streets. I'll never try that again!

LL



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Paradise In The Poconos 2002



See what you have to do to attend Paradise in the Poconos? JoAnn makes you pull a bus around the grounds. Actually, the bus never moved. Someone broke a heel so we all went to the bar.

Poconos 2002 was like no Paradise In The Poconos before. For one thing, the all powerful JoAnn Roberts forced the ladies to pull a bus around the grounds before she would let them into the hotel. Just kidding! The ladies came to the mountain, dressed up all weekend and had a ton of fun. The pajama party will live in infamy for years to come. (We have photos of Roxy Wilson that we feel are better left unpublished.) Enjoy the many photos we can share!



▲ Princess of the Poconos 2002 and her court. Front: Ann, Princess. Back (r. to l.) Priscilla, Miss Sophistication; Sharon, Miss Congeniality; Robin, Miss Ingenue.



▲ Misty Rocks... ROCKS in the Talent Show.

Photos by Lauri Flaquer

More on page 19

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▲ Sherry (l.) & Jackie (r.)

Paradise In The Poconos



▲ The PJ party in full swing



▲ Jennifer



▲ More PJ party shots



▲ Sharon

More on page 20

Paradise In The Poconos 2002



▲ All the talent show contestants line up at the end of the show.



▲ Roxy "Look At Me" Wilson crack up the crowd and JoAnn.



▲ JoAnn Roberts MCs.



▲ Karen



▲ Terri Ann



▲ (l. to r.) Misty, Patty & Sharon

*Photos by Lauri Flaquer
taken during the talent
show unless otherwise
noted.*

Photo by Kim B.



▲ Michelle Moore does another of her hilarious skits



▲ Danger Will Robinson! Danger! Jillian (r.) tries to stop a rampant robot (Michelle Moore) from attacking Richelle during a comedy skit.



▲ Roxy and Donna.

Photo by Kim B.



▲ Morgan takes a beverage break.



▲ Amanda Richards, one little lady with a great big fan.



▲ Barbara belts out a song



▲ Ya gotta love a girl with a boa.



▲ Kelly Sheridan onstage.

Roxanne suspects that she may be paranoid, or is it just that she is very organized? Make up your own mind as you read...

Stalking Feat

February 14th. Valentine's Day. Visualize, if you will, a rather unimpressive figure in mismatched underwear. Lather coating her calves. Hands *seriously* covered with skin cream. A mask stiffening her anonymous face! Yes, witness yet another attempt at living the femme experience

Gosh, my *very first* facial treatment! A well-deserved pampering - all in the name of pulchritude! (And you all assumed my gnarliness was gnatural! No way!) Like, who needed rollicking adventures when life's little pleasures could be so exciting! (Giggle.)

Now, the instructions recommended leaving the hardened paste on for ten to fifteen minutes, then rinsing off with tepid water. I wound up wearing it for almost two hours! In fact, I toyed with going, to bed green-gooed, only to reconsider - in case doing so triggered some sort of allergic reaction. (Hey, chemistry was my university major!) You know, limitless beauty-product propaganda aside, my skin actually felt smoother! (Would I lie?)

So. Okay. Now that I'd become all the prettier, how could I use it to my advantage? Say! What about a movie? Amazingly, whole weeks slipped by before I made my move! (Let's face it. I have this thing about timing!) In spite of renewed resolve, I found myself vacillating between two extremes. On one hand, I'd recently fulfilled a number of fabulous fantasies - a fact leaving me longing for more! On the other, was I crazy or what? Placing myself - in made-moiselle mode - among a stationary crowd was asking for trouble! Compounding the situation, spring break was in full swing and that conjured up images of youngsters everywhere throughout this building, out on the streets, around stores, and in the theater!

With "M-Day" fast approaching, I leaned heavily towards settling for one of my (ho-hum) bland post-midnight strolls, rather than parachuting into the midst of a mall milieu. LevertheNess, as soon as I tried on the outfit I'd chosen for said evening at the cinema (a red blouse and black skirt), I felt the unmistakable surge of a "Kathleen" takeover! In no uncertain terms, she *wanted* to bask in her two hours of public exposure! She *needed* to visit Plaza Cote-des-Neiges! She *demand*ed to see that movie! Problem was, her drab component kept hesitating. (What a wimp!)

Ergo, to tip the scales in "Ms. Murphy's" favor, I divided the project into two segments. (*Why* do all my schemes involve a first and second phase?) On the afternoon of March 6th, I'd throw on dude duds to attend a screening of *A Beautiful Mind*. Then, switching to girlie gear, I'd return for the radically appropriate *Cross-*

roads, starring Britney Spears. (I played it cautiously, targeting the 9:20 p.m. performance.) My fate would be sealed by buying the second ticket immediately after the first film. (Once committed, I follow through. Always!) In addition, a pre-purchase meant that "Kathleen" wouldn't be obligated to converse at the ticket wicket! All right! To make a long story short (I wish! The initial session went basically as anticipated. So let's focus on picture number two.

Typically, I tried to allow for every eventuality. For instance, to avert the agonizing debate involving men's versus women's washrooms, I'd abstained from coffee for a day and a half and from other beverages roughly 24 hours.

Alas, some "little things" began to go wrong. I lost two buttons from the right sleeve of my blouse and I didn't enjoy the luxury of searching for ye olde sewing kit. (Yes, I'm a certified button-fixer, albeit semi-retired.) I broke one of my favorite heart earrings. (Bummer!) Consequently, this necessitated abandoning earrings and matching pendant in favor of red-gemstone clip-ons and Mom's gold necklace. (Choker? Chain thingy? Whatever.) Furthermore, I still hadn't gotten my overcoat lining (temporarily secured with staples) repaired because my tailor couldn't be trusted to meet any deadline. (He'd oft failed me in the past.) Needless to say, my make up remained of primary concern. Going for that "truly ideal" appearance, I toned down my eyes and lips yet another notch.



Advance prep is essential for a fun adventure. Very gnarly.

(Golly, any subtler and I might as well show up sporting a flannel shirt and sweat pants!)

You wouldn't *believe* some of my back-up measures! (Well, knowing me, maybe you would. I'm either extremely thorough or totally paranoid.) Into a plastic grocery bag I tossed foundation, powder, eye liner, eyebrow pencil, lipstick, nail polish, etc., etc., etc., and a blonde wig! (In a rare moment of self-assurance, I packed neither ice skates nor typewriter. Whoopie!) Hey, Cote-des-Neiges is a working-class district! What if some smart-ass moviegoer yanked off my Irish red tresses in mid-reel? I couldn't simply scamper home bald-headed and sobbing, could I? (Did I ever mention taking along a spare bra to Christmas dinner the year before last?)

Under the elegant exterior went white brassiere, girdle, panties, slip, and taupe stockings. (You can't beat the sensation of freshly-laundered lingerie on satiny skin! And this combination made me feel super-feminine!

So. Okay. Usually, being out and about in feminine attire felt normal, natural, nice! However, on this occasion thanks to an "iffy" debut... I lacked confidence. And interspersed with this insecurity was the specter of being tossed out of the mall! (Gulp.)

Despite budgeting my time quite well, I wound up leaving 15 minutes behind schedule – which implied my missing precisely that much of the show. Truly tempted to hurry, I wasn't keen on assuming a velocity detrimental to my overall femme comportment. (Huh?) Like, I teetered on the horns of a dilemma!

Along Canora Road (only five minutes out of my apartment), I encountered a fellow tenant – one who happened to have witnessed Rox (and/or modification thereof) on her balcony! (Eeps!) Yet eye contact evoked no reaction. Incredibly, he might not have recognized the new, improved me! (Whew!)

Some fifteen minutes later, as I turned onto Laird Boulevard, it started to *snow*. So I whipped out my trusty umbrella! (No flat hair or messed-up paint job for this lady! Nuh-uh!) Then, halfway to my destination (Laird and Caledonia), I came upon a woman (Caucasian/ fortyish/ tall/ slender/ skirted/ hair dark and upswept/ not discernibly cosmetized/ hey, I'm observant) who seemed to exhibit a tad *too much* curiosity. Our paths about to converge and discretion undoubtedly being the better part of valor I slowed to let her pass. Well, she would have none of it! Nope! Rather, she dropped into a crouch, to better scope out the babe beneath the bumbershoot! (Uh oh.) Determined to keep my wits, I continued

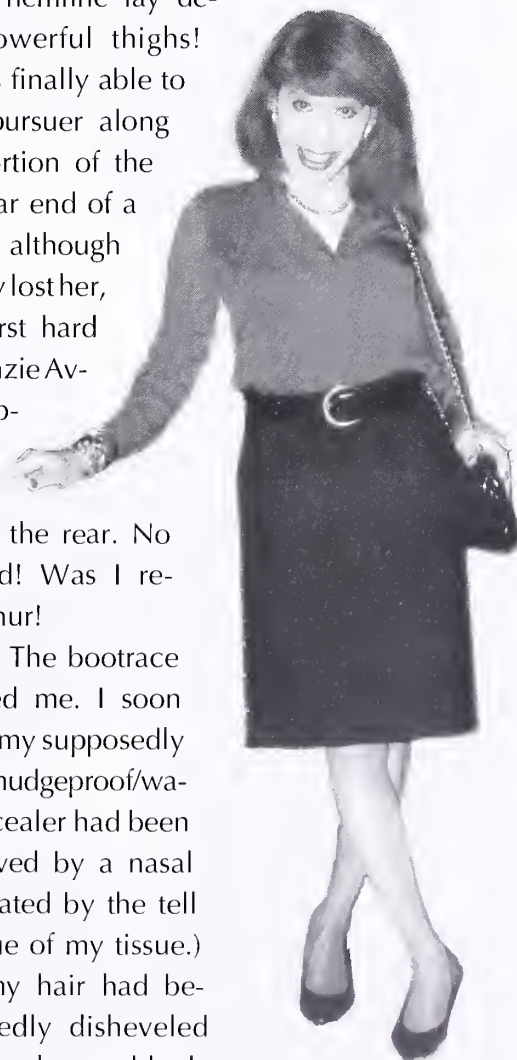
walking. Nonetheless, glancing over my shoulder, I spotted you-know-who in hot pursuit!

What was I supposed to *think*? What could her motives *be*? Did she view me with *suspicion*? Or did she simply find damsels desirable? (Submit your theories c/o this magazine.) While I didn't fear, Ms. Huntress – except for the fleeting nanoseconds I forgot I was a guy – she did represent a potential problem! I mean, here we were, only a few hundred meters (yards? paces?) from the mall! What if she tailed me all the way and created some humongous disturbance? (Visions of ejection once again danced in my head.) How could I resolve this latest complication? (As if! Let her pay for her own popcorn!)

Imagine, a simple trip to the theater had been transformed into a harrowing experience! (Mom never told me there could be days like this.) Frankly, my stalker possessed impressive speed for one of her gender, matching me stride for stride! I had to escape – without accelerating!

Okay. One fact was clear. Whereas each of us was clad in a skirt and nylons (I think she sported hose), under my knee length hemline lay deceptively powerful thighs! Hence, I was finally able to elude said pursuer along an uphill portion of the route – the far end of a tunnel. Still, although I'd apparently lost her, I took the first hard right (Mackenzie Avenue) and approached P I a z a C.D.N. from the rear. No one followed! Was I relieved? Fer shur!

I admit it. The bootrace had unnerved me. I soon realized that my supposedly wearproof/smudgeproof/waterproof concealer had been partly dissolved by a nasal trickle (indicated by the tell tale beige hue of my tissue.) Moreover, my hair had become decidedly disheveled (confirmed by a haggard-looking senorita shadow. Oh, no!) I



continued on page 42

Brides!



▲ Lisa Thomas, PO Box 1480
Pt. Pleasant Bch., NJ 08742



▲ June, Long Island, NY



▲ Kate O' Malley, 14 Brandywyne
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▼ Christie, Rockville, MD
FWD4338





▲ Jane, J. C. Walker
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Fort Walton Beach, FL 32548



▲ Barbara K., Virginia

▼ Ya let Angela edit the magazine one month and she keeps puttin' pictures of herself in Mirror-Mirror.



▼ Adrieane, Virginia FWD #4022



▼ Ricky, Silver Spring, MD



Bound, Gagged and Mewing By Elizabeth Hulbeck



"Jack, would you like a cup of coffee," I called from the kitchen window. Jack was busily plowing out my driveway with his pickup following last night's winter storm, leaving a foot of snow on the ground. I hated shoveling snow. It's really a man's job, I assured myself; ever since my husband's sudden passing from a fatal heart at-

tack two years ago, I had always found someone to do the job for me. Besides, I wasn't the athletic type. I hated putting on all those klutzy clothes: boots, coat, gloves – made me look like an Eskimo on a seal hunt, decidedly uncool.

I had known Jack for about a year, ever since I first looked under "snow removal" in the yellow pages. A handsome guy, somewhere in his thirties, I guessed, a real macho type, broad shouldered, very sexy, and so desirable. Down girl, control yourself, he'd never go for an old broad like you, I told myself. My protesting ego rushed to my defense: c'mon girl, you're not that old, pushing 50, but still attractive. I gave my hair a reassuring pat and ran my hands down my thighs... not bad, not bad at all for an old broad. Oh, how I wanted him, wanted him to hold me real tight, hug me, squeeze me, make love to me.

I was up early this morning, not yet fully dressed, rushing around the kitchen in my slip making breakfast. A woman's lament: I haven't a thing to wear; decisions, decisions, and me with a closet full of clothes.

A knock on the door. "Just a minute, Jack," I trilled sweetly. I rushed upstairs and threw on my bathrobe, it would never do for a lady to receive a gentleman caller in her slip. I smiled, this is going to be fun, I mused.

I opened the door and put on my sexiest, sweetest smile for the handsome hunk standing before me. "All done, Mrs. Hulbeck," he announced in his deep bass, male voice. I cooed at him sweetly. "Thank you Jack, you're such a

dear." I poured him a cup of coffee and we sat down at the kitchen table. "How's the snow removal business coming along," I inquired nervously. "Just great, Mrs. Hulbeck, just great, all the snow we've had this winter." A moments silence followed. I prodded myself, c'mon Mrs. Hulbeck, skip the small talk and cut to the chase. I could sense the tension, feel my heart pounding. I really didn't know what I wanted to do. Admit it girl, you want this guy, so get on with it, just do it. "Call me Elizabeth," I said, "my friends call me Liz." "Would you like another cup of coffee?" I added hastily. "No thanks, Mrs. Hulbeck," he replied, "I've really got to go now, thanks for the coffee." He started to get up from the table.

Panic, panic, do something girl, don't let him leave. I moved quickly to the door. "Jack," I said, my voice husky and tremulous; I cleared my throat, "Jack," I repeated. "Ma'am, I've really got to be going." Impulsively, I parted my robe and let it fall to the floor, standing before the door in my slip and in all my glory. "Jack," I pleaded, "Please don't leave, I want you. Make love to me," I implored, after a moment's pause. A giddy feeling overcame me and I seized him by the shoulders to steady myself. Then, I drew him up close to me and kissed him hard on the lips. Surprised, he hesitated for a moment, then grabbed me by the arms with his big, strong hands and kissed me passionately. My body pressed against his, quivering and thrusting with desire. Suddenly, and in one easy motion, he picked me up and carried me into the living room and gently put me down on the couch.

"Ma'am, you're a very nice lady, I..." I didn't let him finish and, taking hold of his hand, pulled him to me and put my fingers to his lips. "Sh, please my darling, don't leave me, I beg you." Ever so sweetly, softly and submissively, with the captive's tone of resignation in my voice, I looked him in the eyes: "do what you want with me, tie me, I want to be bound." He sat down next to me and gently stroked my hair. "Would you like that?" he said softly. He searched through his pockets, "But I don't have anything to tie you up with." My pulse began to race, my breathing shallow. "Please, darling, please, tie me securely, the kitchen, one of the drawers, clothesline, you'll find it." He stood up and I heard him rummaging around the kitchen for a moment before returning with the clothesline in his hand. Taking a folding knife from his pocket, he cut it into manageable lengths.

"Roll over and put your hands behind your back," he commanded. I eagerly obeyed and Jack tied my hands snugly and securely, then, taking a handkerchief from his

pocket he forced it into my mouth and tied it firmly in place with a tea towel knotted behind my neck. A gag, what a surprise, and what a delicious turn on; it had never occurred to me. When he had finished gagging me, he gathered up my legs and bound my ankles. Securely bound and gagged, the subdued captive awaited her captor's pleasure. What a wonderful, incredible feeling, my body trembled and tingled all over. Jack sat on the edge of the couch and regarded his handiwork, pleased with himself. He was beginning to enjoy the game. "I should just leave you here," he announced in mock seriousness. "You're a very naughty lady, do you know that?" I mewed at him through my gag, as only a well-gagged woman could or should mew. I was enjoying the game more than he would every know. "What you need is a good spanking," he said with authority, grinning at me with malicious delight. Another surprise. I writhed and wriggled sexily, and mewed vigorously in frustrated affirmation. He was notching up the game in a most delightful way. I wanted to tear off the gag and plead, please, please spank me, I need it.

He got up to go. "You stay put now," he said: "I've got another job down the street. I'll be back." I gave him my sexiest, most girlish mew. The gag was tight and uncomfortable, but the turn-on, wow. "Will you be alright with the gag, ma'am?" he asked with some show of concern. "Yes, no, you young idiot," I wanted to say, "and please call me Liz." I mewed at him again, more forcefully this time. "Women talk too much," he declared, "a man's gotta gag 'em once in a while if he wants some peace and quiet." I stared at him, breathless, but deliciously aroused. He grinned at me and gave me a little bye-bye wave before leaving.

It would be two years this coming spring since my husband Bob's passing. I hadn't gone out much at all the first year, then about six months ago I met Steve. Alicia, my dearest and closest friend, had been after me to get out more and arranged for me to meet Steve at her home. Steve was a Social Studies teacher at the High School. We hit it off right away. He was passably good looking, not a hunk like the animal who bound and gagged me, but a man, and, I needed a man, someone's shoulder to cry on, a man to hold me and make love to me. Steve was caring, affectionate and attentive; he took good care of me – I always felt like a little girl in his arms. In all, he was a decent sort, fun to be with on a date, and he made me laugh, something which I very much needed. Was there a fly in the ointment? He was alright in bed, and he kept me happy, but it wasn't very exciting. I tried talking to him about my sexual needs; there was more to it than just going to bed with me, I told him. "Use your imagination, spice it up. What do you want me to do?" he would ask innocently. "Tie me up, pretend

you're a pirate and you're abducting me, I'll leave that up to you, surprise me." Steve tied me up a couple of times, not very well, and he even gave me a light spanking once, but I could sense he wasn't comfortable with it; though he always played my games when I asked him to, I was really the only player. I liked Steve, he had potential; patience girl, keep working at it. Few men, I noted ruefully, really understood and satisfied a woman's sexual needs.

My thoughts were interrupted by noises coming from the kitchen. Jack had returned. My pulse began to race again in fear and anticipation. I writhed and squirmed on the couch, trying to present as sexy an appearance as a bound and gagged woman in lingerie was capable of. From out of the corner of my eye, I spied a pair of feet standing in the living room. I looked up and, to my utter astonishment, and embarrassment, Steve, not Jack, was standing in the middle of the room, not five feet from me, a look of incredulity on his face. "My God," he finally brought himself to say, "Elizabeth, are you alright? What's going on here?" I mewed strenuously, and not very sexily this time. I'm fine, you idiot, I wanted to say to him, don't just stand there, untie me and remove my gag and I'll confess my sins. I rolled over and he untied my hands and feet and removed the gag. I sat up on the couch, rubbing my wrists and sore mouth. I pulled my slip down from where it had gathered around my waist and smoothed it over my thighs; always the lady, I thought, we must keep our modesty.

"Elizabeth, what in God's name is going on?" demanded Steve, agitated, "have you been robbed?" "No sweetheart, sit here beside me and give me a big hug," I said sweetly, patting the cushion next to me.

It was a comfort to have Steve's reassuring arm around me. "Elizabeth, you're not hurt, are you?" he asked, concerned. "You're sweet" I replied softly, and gave him a peck on the cheek. "No, dear, I'm fine... that dreadful gag," I lied. I told him the whole story – the morning's events, how I had tried to seduce Jack, and had ask him to tie me up; "The gagging was his idea," I said. "I guess he must have seen you pulling into the driveway, got scared and took off," I surmised. Steve listened to my tale with a glum face. I took his hand and squeezed it. "You and I have to have a serious talk about my sexual needs," I said, sounding like a schoolmarm lecturing her students. "And, for God's sake, darling, stop being so serious, it's not the end of the world, laugh a little, where's your sense of humor?" He managed a thin smile. I let out a small sigh of exasperation; perhaps we're getting somewhere, I thought.

"Steve," I began, I... momentarily at a loss for words, I didn't know where to start. Steve looked at me and his face broke into a broad grin. "Young lady, he announced with sudden, and atypical, authority, you need a good spank-

continued on page 46

Mirror Mirror



▲ Gina Martine, CA



▲ Christina Diamond, 9006 Hwy 76S, Stanton, TN 38069

▼ Sammy Huffman, PO Box 16284
Golden, CO 80402

**Send Your
Photos!**

▼ Cheryl Kane, PO Box 557, Amherst, OH 44001
Sylversmaid@yahoo.com



▼ Alison Robins





▲ Lillian Farrell, FWD 3267



▲ Angela Gardner, drinkin' them Cosmo's again. "No photos!"



▲ Sarah Thomas says, "My Cosmo is bigger than your's." And so's that hair!



▲ Melody and Billy wait for the ladies room.



▲ Gayle Jones

▼ Kate O' Malley, 14 Brandywine Brielle, NJ 08730



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We've two copies of this clipping from two different publications. We don't know the source of either, but we reproduce captions, since they each have something different to say.

Caption 1 – If you're wondering why more men aren't complaining about how girls are swinging to the manly side, maybe here's the answer. Of the seven entertainers picked up in a California nightclub, exactly seven were – men!

Caption 2 – These seven men, resplendent in their heavy make-up and strapless gowns, were arrested by Lomita, California vice cops on charges of impersonating women in public. Scene of the arrests was a nightclub favored by the "gay" set.

In the last issue we began an informal history of public crossdressing mostly in the 20th century. We began with the much-publicized 1870 case of bank clerk Ernest Boulton, 22, & law student Frederick William Park, 23. While leaving the theater in drag they were arrested for "conspiracy to commit a felony." Eventually they were acquitted in what became one of the world's most famous cases about crossdressing in public. Their defense relied heavily on their theatrical appearances in drag. We called this the Boulton and Park defense and summed it up as, "it's not perversion, it's art." This provided a great excuse for American college students during the 1920's, when every school had an annual show featuring female impersonating underclassmen, this rational was undoubtedly still vital.

But as the 20th century wore on, the Boulton and Park defense was complete forgotten and female impersonators were literally dragged off the stage, busted for "performing while trans." One photo from a vice raid in Lomita, California shows seven drag performers at the station house. It was printed in at least two softcore men's porno magazines in

the early 1960's. No names are given in either of the clipping and the guilty looking man seated in the center is never identified. Maybe he's the club owner, since he isn't in drag? The entertainers were charged with, "impersonating women in public." One caption is careful to point out that the "scene of the arrests was a nightclub favored by the 'gay' set."

Sometimes just being in drag was grounds for detention, even if you weren't on stage or the city streets. New York performer and living legend Minette talks of almost constant raids from the 1940's to the 1960's. In the mid-1950's she performed in several underground drag films,

Minette loved the female side of life. She recently passed away in New York.



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A post card featuring the cast of Club My-O-My, though probably not the cast who went to jail with Kenneth Marlowe. On the reverse it says, "Tourist, when in New Orleans, you haven't seen New Orleans until you visit Club My-O-My. Remember Mr. Pat Water's Million Dollar Revue. Tops in Female Impersonators. For further information, write: Mr. Pat Waters' Club My-O-My, 1744 Lake Ave., Metairie, La. Three shows nightly: 10-12-2. Saturdays and Holidays: 10-12-1:30-3 a.m. For Reservations call Ev. 4431."

produced by Avery Willard for his productions company Ava-graph. Once Minette was arrested for doing drag at a screening in her friend's home:

Minette: He (Avery Willard) showed them (the films) at his home. He could have maybe about 35 people for a screening. He showed them in bars, too. With only 8mm he couldn't show them in a regular theater. The projector wouldn't go that far and there was worry about getting raided.

Ms Bob: For just showing a drag film?

M: Yes. One showing at the Ava-graph Studio, a little studio on 12th Street between 3rd and 4th Avenues (109 East 12th Street) did get raided in 1958. I was in jail for two days.

MsB: For what?

M: I was there in drag selling the tickets.

In looking for an American arrest as early as Boulton and Park's; I found the case of milliner Angelo/Phyllis in *The Female Impersonators* by Ralph Werther/Jennie June's (1922, reprinted 1975). Sometime before 1915 Angelo/Phyllis met two "artillerymen" while cruising New York's 14th St. in

Greenwich Village, a strip local gays called the Rialto. Phyllis considered soldiers "the cream of physical youngmanhood," so when these two "begged me to make an hegira out to the barracks to give a female-impersonation before their buddies," she couldn't resist. One sunny afternoon Phyllis/Angelo found herself on the barracks's porch surrounded by soldiers; "half-a-hundred crowded around, flirting for all they were worth." Needless to say, she was in hog heaven, "That was, mon cheri, my apotheosis - far above all other adventures. I was overjoyed at hearing at one time from half-a-hundred demigods cries of admiration and affection." Steady, girl, steady.

She agreed to meet her two friends at a local beer garden. Her two soldiers arrived with four others. They got rip-roaring drunk and started a fight with the waiters. Glassware was thrown, the cops were called and Phyllis hid under the table. The next morning the judge sent soldiers back to the post with "a mere reprimand... But he was wild to punish me for putting on woman's garb. He sent a constable with me to the White Plains jail, where I was to spend thirty days or until I could pay a hundred dollars

fine." Angelo/Phyllis said nothing in her defense; "I did not have the brass to tell him I was really a person of good character, a regular church attendant, well educated and able to pay the fine." She even excuses her unfair treatment, almost as though it was something she expected or deserved. "I had now to 'fess up that I was not really a girl. My faltering words filled the constables with disgust and hatred. This is not to be wondered at, because village constables do not know psychology like Bowery and Rialto policemen." Maybe familiarity doesn't always breed contempt?

Once in jail Phyllis arranged for her freedom like the heroine of a romantic novel, she seduced the jailer. "I let him feel my woman's breasts. That made him my best friend and he helped me get into communication with my New York lawyer. After only a second miserable night in a cell, the lawyer paid my fine and escorted me back to the city - even in my feminine 'regimentals,' as he had forgotten to bring along one of my male outfits." (Werther/June, p. 210 - 213)

Though it's a truism that if you're arrested "walking while trans," you're going to leave jail the next day in drag, no one ever did it with as great aplomb as Kenneth Marlowe and the cast of New Orleans's famous Club My-O-My. In one of his autobiographies, *Mr. Madam* (1964), Kenneth Marlowe tells how he and the rest of the cast were busted while performing at an "Eve of Hallowe'en" party at the French Opera House bar. The next day an anonymous benefactor posted their bail. Marlowe was ecstatic, "I found out they were not going to execute us! We were given our things and told we could leave... When we got out the door we were greeted by the bright morning sun, and an audience of everybody in the French Quarter on their way to work. Everyone was staring and laughing. We had to walk in our heels, on the cement, back eight blocks to the cars.

Our beards were coming out. We'd been in the dirty old jail all *night*. Two by two, half a block apart, we tramped up the street. It was the longest drag procession in history. We *really* stopped traffic." (Marlowe, p. 105)

Marlowe may have been overwhelmed by this parade,

but imagine the scene outside San Francisco's Hall of Justice the morning after the police swept the Tenderloin District in 1972. In just one night they netted 41 men in drag between midnight and 2am. "Those arrested were charged with obstructing the sidewalks and wearing women's clothing with intent to deceive. Captain Joseph Flynn said there had been a number of complaints recently about men in drag trying to pick up men in the downtown bars and hotels." (*Drag*, vol. 2, #7, 1972, p. 9) Certainly the police thought they had detained 41 prostitutes, since they had detained 41 men in drag walking around one of San Francisco's most depressed neighborhoods.

There's a larger social context for this San Francisco sweep. It was the early 1970's, the era of hippies, flower power and blurred gender distinctions. All of which put the keepers of society's flame into panic mode. They wanted damage control, but didn't know whom to arrest or even why. Here are two reports from the frontline of that era's gender wars. In New Orleans "A girl dressed in fly-front blue jeans was arrested for 'wearing the clothes of the opposite sex'" according to this report in *Newsweek*. It was during a hippie demonstration, which prompted hippie complaints that they were being singled out for extinction."

(*Drag*, vol. 1, #2, 1971, p. 7)

Compare this with the arrest of transsexual Angela Douglas, one of the founders of Transvestite-Transsexual Action Organization and Gay Liberation Front of Los Angeles. While attending a conference, she was "arrested



This is truly a case of a picture saying a thousand words, even if we can't identify the source of the picture:

DRESSED AS GIRLS, these two youths (no optical illusion) were picked up by police early Saturday morning as they rode in a taxicab with a soldier. Acting on a tip that two women were "dating" men in the 200 block of W. Commerce St., officers followed the cab and apprehended them. Furs and falsies was the mode of attire for the "girls" shown as they appeared at the booking sergeant's desk before the eyes of curious policemen. — *Evening News Photo*.

continued on next page

in Miami, Florida Nov. 8 (1971) on a charge of 'wearing the clothing unbecoming to his or her sex.' (under) an old city ordinance originally created to force local Indians to wear suits and ties. She was wearing Levis, sweater and carrying a purse at the time of her arrest... A female psychologist, who had invited her to Miami to attend a conference on transsexualism, bonded her out (\$250) and arranged for legal representation." Here's a woman and a female-to-male transsexual, who I'm sure the arresting officers considered a man, arrested for wearing what appear to be very similar outfits. Does breaking the law really depend on where the zipper is located on your jeans or whether you carry a purse? If so, the "peace" our officers are always defending is more fragile than I'd even imagined. (*Drag*, vol. 1, #2, 1971, p. 9)

Later Angela's "charge was dismissed by the judge, who felt it was a 'bad arrest.'" She must have had a wonderful lawyer because; "A lecture on transsexualism and transvestism was given to Lt. Peacock, Sgt. Beagles, a couple of police women, who discussed male chauvinism with her (Angela?) and the police chief." (*Drag*, vol. 1, #3, 1971, p. 8).

So, though the offense "walking while trans" is as old as the hills, it's as much news as history. The examples in this article are mild ones. No one was hurt. No one was killed. But that's not always the case. There was the 1999 beating of transsexual Diana Obidowski in Providence, Rhode Island. The Mayor called it "the worst hate crime in the city since the local hate crime law went into effect." Even so, "police testimony convinced the judge Obidowski was responsible for the attack, because the antenna on the assailants' car was bent by Obidowski after they shouted insults." (*San Francisco Frontiers*, March 11, 1999). Or the organized campaign of terror, violence and murders being carried out against El Salvador's GLBT community. In October 1999 "Jose Armando Rivera, also known as 'Doris,'" was murdered. Then on Friday, Dec. 10, 1999, Nestor Adonai Marengo "with his roommate, Rafael Ernesto Martinez ('Sandra') and another drag queen known as 'La Raiza'" were shot from a taxi by five men dressed in black. One witness said that Nestor was killed because he had witnessed Doris' murder. The International Gay & Lesbian Human Right Commission have confirmed seven hate motivated killings in 1999. (*San Francisco Bay Times*, Jan. 6, 2000)

But perhaps the most appalling story is from Qunfuda, Saudi Arabia, where nine men were arrested for "dressing in women's clothes and having sex together, a violation of

Islamic law." For this crime "five...were sentenced to six years in prison and 2,600 lashes at the rate of 52 lashes per semi-monthly session. The other four men were sentenced to five years in prison and 2,400 lashes at the rate of 48 lashes per semi-monthly session." These sisters will each have 50 sessions under the whip, one every other month. Five will be punished until sometime in 2006, the other four in 2005. There'll be lots of issues of Lady Like published by then. (*San Francisco Bay Times*, April 27, 2000)

And what are all these tales of oppression doing in *LadyLike*? *LadyLike* is a celebration of our lifestyle, its parties and clubs. One of the benefits of community is that it communicates information. It provides someone to tell things to and somewhere to publish our stories for others with common interests. We share everything from parties and pride to defiance of injustice and oppression. Even when we party, we are exercising our rights, but being more aware of what's happening to trannies around the world is another way of building community. Maybe with our increased consciousness and support we'll see a time when no one will be subjected to the embarrassment, inconvenience or danger of being stopped "walking while trans."

• • • • •

Ms BOB is a member of the GLBT Historical Society board of directors. She collects gender-related books, magazines and ephemera. Currently she's seeking *NEW FEMALE MIMICS* (Winter, 1970-71), *EN FEMME* #11 and *LADYLIKE* #7, 21 - 28, 30 & 31. Ms Bob can be contacted c/o *LadyLike* or at <msbob@tgforum.com>.

CAROL KLEINMAIER is a founding member of Transgendered Nation. For two decades she has been an activist for both gender and AIDS issues.

If there is any subject you'd be interested seeing covered in *DRAMA QUEEN*, please, drop us a line and we will try to oblige.



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Jane Martin

Boston Ivy

Transitioning! It means different things to different people. For some, it is rolling silk stockings up baby soft legs, fastening them to the gartered hemline of a vintage girdle, meticulously applying

makeup, admiring the result in the mirror and finally taking some photographs for posterity!

For others, it's not about the look or the feel. It's about experiencing the outside world as a woman. It is learning the mannerisms, the nuance and comfortably interacting, perhaps occasionally flirting with the members of either sex while receiving their acceptance.

To yet another group it is gender reassignment, a journey to unite body and soul, to connect the temporal with the eternal.

For most men, a romantic liaison with someone in transition would seem unimaginable. The very thought could run the gamut from garish repulsion, to voyeuristic curiosity, to perhaps fulfillment of some ultimate sexual fantasy. Falling in love with a girl who is transitioning is always a unique story. This vignette is a snapshot from Penelope's life.

Adams Rib

To her friends, she was known as Penny. She possessed a female spirit and soul at birth. However, because of a biological roll-of-the-dice at the moment of conception, Penny was born with genitalia that caused a contradiction and created a challenge.

Penny was slight in stature and shy in demeanor. She had black hair, eyebrows and lashes: pale skin, deep set blue eyes, fleshy lips and a toothy crooked smile that became casually sensual during her teen years once her braces were removed. She was more Eddie Bauer than Victoria's Secret, an androgynous introspective person who accepted challenges and was easily attracted to the immediate feedback of keyboards. Whether seated at a piano or in front of a computer screen, keyboards summoned her creativity.

Penny grew to adulthood as someone unconventional, often solitary. She easily related to other women socially, mentally and during her later teen years, physically. Penny

was seeing an internist to receive her bi-monthly hormone injections. She felt a certain sense of urgency to unite her body with her soul.

Adam

Adam was the kind of son that made parents proud. He was always 'one of the boys' while growing up. He came from a 'proper New England family' steeped in middle class virtue.

He excelled at his studies and finished towards the top of his class at college. Adam dated a variety of pretty girls and was known as "a bit of a lady's man" around the frat house.

He had embraced the rules in his formative years and expected to feel a sense of accomplishment or at least fulfillment as he grew older. What he felt instead was confusion, a gnawing sense of rage and a need for personal exploration.

Staples

Penny was self employed and often described herself as a "computer geekette". She developed software programs for commercial clients and made an adequate living that afforded her what she referred to as "travel money".

Penny was shopping for office supplies when she first met Adam. He was attracted to her petite figure plus the Ralph Lauren way she wore her 'Boston' sweatshirt and faded jeans. His mind recalled the lyrics to the 'home-town favorite' I love that dirty water... oh, Boston you're my home!

Musically buoyed, he walked over and introduced himself by saying, "Are you bi? Personally, I like both Microsoft as well as Macintosh".

Penny laughed and as their eyes met, they both felt an odd, kindred chemistry that beckoned to be further explored.

Same Bed, Young Love

Smalltalk soon became "cappuccino at Starbucks" and



Ivy...

coffee shop repartee soon gave way to the evening, supping on clam chowder and a walk around the Commons. Penny knew the moment of truth was on the horizon after their lingering goodnight kiss. As they sat on her front steps, Adam gently placed his hand between her knees and nonchalantly raised his fingertips towards her waist. As he was about to brush up against destiny, Penny whispered, "Don't... well, wait... we really have to talk first!"

Adam eagerly replied "yes" as Penny stood to unlock the door to her apartment building. She longed to experience female alchemy but first, she wanted to find a soul mate to be her travel partner. Adam entered the cute, kitschy albeit tech'y apartment and sat on the edge of her sofa.

In a soft, low pitched tone; Penny started to tell him... the rest of the story! You could hear a pin drop. Wide eyed amazement turned to silence. A deep exhale preceded a long soulful stare. Assimilating all the information, Adam asked inquisitively, "Can I see, well you know... would you show me...?"

Penny felt relieved and relatively safe. Looking back at Adam, she quietly unbuttoned the riveted eyelet and slowly unzipped her jeans. They easily fell to her ankles, exposing her smooth athletically contoured legs and bikini panties. Breathless in anticipation, Adam swallowed hard as Penny erotically paused then unveiled her smooth, childlike genitalia to the person she hoped might become her significant other.

Her 'sex' was tiny due to her hormone replacement therapy; a slight comma marking her delta of Venus. Adam slid from the sofa to his knees and French kissed her digit as if it were a lovers tongue. He had tasted the forbidden fruit and felt hopelessly addicted and insatiable with desire.

Penny radiated. She slowly massaged her braless nipples with both hands. Holding one of her small breasts, she lowered her face and tongue to the hard-

ened nipple and licked it. Saliva dripped from her breast and ran down towards her stomach. Adam rose as he drank the warm, clear fluid.

He felt anesthetized by the floral scent of her torso, his tongue hungered to taste her inner recesses and his nostrils flared with desire. He needed to be fed. He felt both enslaved as well as empowered by their chemistry. If she was fire, he must be wood. Penny longed to be taken like a woman; warm, wet, internal.

The next morning, the sun rose over the banks of the River Charles shining throughout the lover's bedroom. There were no muggers or thieves anywhere to be found, only poetic justice and the musky scent of love hovering in the air.

Different Dreams, As Time Goes By

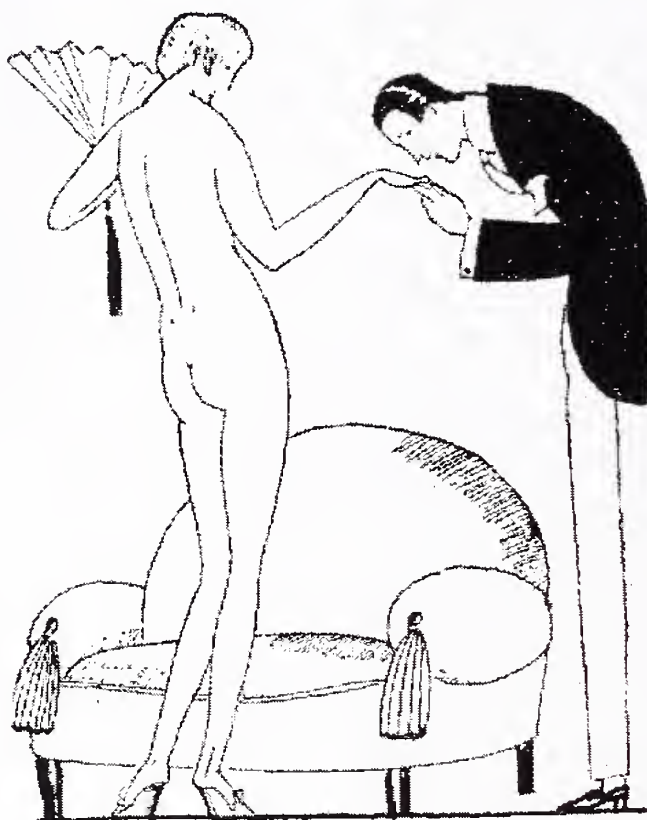
"You don't understand" Penny said flatly. They had had this conversation many times over the preceding months. Penny wanted couple-hood, eventually marriage, and a validation of who she really was. She wanted to 'make love', to feel that their physical activity

meant more than just an act of release. She wanted lovemaking to be a spiritual 'communion' not just some quest for 'sexual nirvana'!

"I am a real woman who is really transitioning. I have breasts and will have a vagina and a clitoris. Don't you want me to be real?" Penny waited for what seemed like an eternity.

Adam loved the way her nipples lifted at the tip, so symmetrical and with the perfect amount of bounce. The e-injections also gave her 'hips and a butt' that made him feel delightfully pagan and extremely oral. Her small waist and sculpted leg muscles made him light headed when he watched her slide into her panties. This was nirvana. Oh, to maintain the status quo!

He finally responded, "You are real. Why change anything?" He didn't want to go "there" one more time or to remain on separate planets. He metaphorically wanted to be her 'Mars' while she remained his 'Venus rising'.



"I have an appointment with the doctor next week" she said with a spark of anxiety in her voice. "Don't you want me too?"

Adam replied, "Sure, I guess". His words trickled off as he looked away.

"You guess... what's that suppose to mean"? Penny was talking about her very essence and Adam seemed somewhere lost in space? She thought she had made her transsexual position perfectly clear since the beginning of their relationship.

"Nothing, I just like you just the way you are"! He said with a sense of finality she found particularly annoying at this moment.

Adam had come to realize who he was and what he wanted. He distained the traditional "Down East" existence, he wanted to live outside the boundaries and to experience life on his own terms.

I just like you the way you are... His words stuck inside Penny's mind as she tried to hide her disappointment. "Can't you just be happy for me", she asked?

She knew she was pushing. She was always pushing. It was her longtime habit of trying to get at the truth regardless of the consequence. Penny was determined to complete her dream, her transition... However, she also realized that there was danger in the inability to stop and smell the roses along the way. She wanted to have a dialogue with Adam, not a monologue... and dialogue meant 'two'.

Adam looked back at her... and with his best Jack Nicholson grin, he said, "Look, can we talk about this later? Come on, let's go upstairs and make some noise"?

Raising his eyebrows he added, "How about a little rumpy bumpy"?

Toenail licks? Bellybutton bites? Stockingtop kisses? Bun nibbles? Clit hangers... when he started to say something about 'sugar walls', she smiled then groaned back at him, "You're a pathetically disgusting debauched pervert, you know! Do you eat with the same mouth"?

He answered, "Come over here you hot blooded gypsy savage and find out"?

Ah, the roses beckoned! She promised herself she would say 'no' the next time!

Storyline by Patti Antonelli, <patricia811@hotmail.com>.

Story developed and written by Jane Martin <JDMtime@yahoo.com>.

Foxy Roxy

The Social Butterfly

Last Friday night, as I do every weekend, I scampered off to a fancy bar/steak-restaurant just inside the New Mexico Stateline on my way downtown. The place is called Billy Crews' — named after the owner. I see him there frequently and he says hi to me. I guess nobody's complained to him that there's a boy loose, dressed as woman, teasing the male patrons!

I greeted the barmaids and bartender, and sat at the bar, ordering my favorite drink — a Michelada — a Miller Lite poured in a salt-rimmed glass with ice and lemon juice. It's sorta like a Margarita. The combination makes the beer taste, humm... interesting. For a while I talked to the men who approached before I went to the ladies' room to powder my nose and bail out, heading to the Dome Bar at the downtown Hilton. As you know, there's a live jazz-band there, and when they take a break, I walk next door to the disco, called Uptown's, to check men... err, things out.

I sat at the circular bar and though the bartenders don't know me by name, they know what I drink, and serve me almost automatically — so I tip them well. But you know, the roving bouncers and the off-duty policeman that keeps the place secure make me more nervous than the patrons who make passes at me! Oh well, the things a girl has to endure!

At one a.m. I took off to Adrian's to polish off the night. I like it there because the owner — who never smiles at me — lets patrons stay until way past closing and because everyone there knows my name! Even those macho, pool-playing men. I know it because they will stop to say hi and make small talk with me as they walk by the bar, on their way to the men's room. In packs, those mucho-macho types are reluctant to acknowledge me, but alone they will invariably throw me a pick-up line. Maybe I should sit further away from the restrooms, lest one day they pull me in there. Oh my!

Juanita the barmaid tells me, 'Roxy, you can have any man here you want — even the married ones!' But I'd rather play it safe and go home alone. Do you know what I mean, girlfriends?

Next issue Foxy Roxy tells about her New Year's Eve.



Resources

North American Support Groups

National US Membership Organizations

International Foundation for Gender Education, PO Box 540229, Waltham, MA 02454. Publishes Transgender Tapestry (\$40/year subscription). Reprints and books on TV/TS subjects, other info. Hosts annual conference in different locations around the country. Phone: 617-899-2212. "ifge@ifge.org" "www.ifge.org"

Renaissance Transgender Association, Inc., 987 Old Eagle School Rd., Suite 719, Wayne, Pa. 19087. 610-975-9119 24 hr. answering machine, but phones are answered personally on Monday and Thursday evenings. Membership fee of \$40 includes the monthly publication "Transgender Community News." Also publishes Background Papers and Community Outreach Bulletins on transgender issues for personal and professional use. Speakers available for classroom, corporate, or media discussions of transgender issues. Renaissance currently has four chapters and seven affiliates. Affiliates are noted with "(!)" in the list below. Renaissance is a 501(c)(3) non-profit membership organization. "angela@ren.org" "www.ren.org"

Society for the Second Self (SSS), Box 194, Tulare, CA 93275. Focused on families and relationships. Tri-Ess publishes the Femme Mirror quarterly and hosts an annual convention. Tri-Ess chapters are marked with "*" in the list below. Tri-Ess is a non-profit membership organization. "jeftris@aol.com"

Alaska
Alaska T People, PO Box 670349, Chugiak, AK, 99567

Arizona
A Rose, PO Box 8108, Glendale, AZ, 85312-8108, 602-488-0959

Transgendered Harmony, PO Box 83927, Phoenix, AZ, 85701, 602-954-7553. www.geocities.com/tgharmony

Alpha-Zeta (Tri-Ess), PO Box 28363, Tempe, AZ, 85285-8363, 602-488-0959,

Evolere Transgendered Foundation, 1830 E. Broadway Blvd. #124-269, Tucson, AZ, 85719, (520) 884-0541

Southern Arizona Gender Alliance, 300 E Sixth St, Tucson, AZ, 85705

California
U.S. G.I.R.L.S. Club, P.O. Box 3182, Cerritos, CA, 90703-3182

Diablo Valley Girls, PO Box 272885, Concord, CA, 94527-2885
www.transgender.org/tg/dvg/

American Transsexual Education Center, 1626 n. Wilcox Ave. #584, Hollywood, CA, 90028, 213-389-6938

Gender Expressions, PO Box 816, Lakewood, CA, 90714, 310-869-4241

CHIC, PO Box 17850, Long Beach, CA, 90807

Access Point, PO Box 7180, Los Osos, CA, 93402, 800-549-1749

CD Social Group, PO Box 224, Montrose, CA, 91021

LKO (Ladies Knight Out), 3320 Chapman Ave., Orange, CA, 92869, (714) 289-0144

PSGV Transgendered Support, 401 South Main St., Suite 104, Pomona, CA, 91765, 909-620-8987

Alpha Chapter, 409 N. Pacific Coast Hwy. #320, Redondo Beach, CA, 90277, 310-798-5637

80rn Free, PO Box 52829, Riverside, CA, 92517, 909-875-2687, www.80rnFree2000.com

Sacramento Gender Assoc., PO Box 162907, Sacramento, CA, 95816-2907, 916-364-7212

Neutral Corner, PO Box 19008, San Diego, CA, 92159, 619-685-3696

Center for Gay, Lesbian, Bisexual & Transgendered Community, 3909 Centre Street, San Diego, CA, 92103, 619-692-2077

TGSF, PO Box 8426486, San Francisco, CA, 94142-6486, 415-564-3246, www.tgsf.org/

LYRIC (Lavender Youth Recreation and Information Center), 127 Collingwood St, San Francisco, CA, 94117, 800-246-7743, www.lyric.org

Rainbow Gender Association, PO Box 700730, San Jose, CA, 95170-0730, 408-984-4044, www.transgender.org/tg/rga/rgapage.html

Silicon Valley Gender Association, 175 Stockton, San Jose, CA, www.svga.org

TranzcentralCoast, P.O. Box 14146, San Luis Obispo, CA, 93406, 805-543-2126, tranzcentralcoast.org

Sigma Sigma Beta, Tri-Ess, PO Box 19933, So. Lake Tahoe, CA, 96151, n/a

TG Alliance of Coachella Valley, PO Box 391, Thousand Palms, CA, 92276, 760-323-9663, humlog.homestead.com/tgcoachellavalley

Tri Chi Tri-Ess, PO Box 194, Tulare, CA, 93275, 209-688-9246

Ventura Transgender Outreach, c/o GLCC, 3503 Arundell Circle, Suite 3-A, Ventura, CA, 93003, 805-339-6340

Colorado
Phoneix Project, 1740 South Buckley Road, #6-178, Aurora, CO, 80017

Gender Identity Center of Colorado, Inc., 1455 Ammons St., Suite 100, Lakewood, CO, 80215-4993, 303-202-6466, www.transgender.org/tg/gic

Pueblo TV/TS Support Group, 1144 Clarmont, Pueblo, CO, 81004-2808

Connecticut
connecticutView, PO Box 2281, Devon, CT, 06460, www.transgender.org/ctv
Connecticut Outreach Society, PO Box 163, Farmington, CT, 06034, (860) 604-6343, www.ctoutreach.org

GBSING, c/o PO Box 162, Haddam, CT, 06438

Twenty (XX) Club Inc., PO Box 387, Hartford, CT, 06141-0387, 203-646-8651

District of Columbia
Washington-Baltimore Alliance, PO Box 50724, Washington, DC, 20091-0724, 800-738-0389

Delaware
Renaissance, Delaware Chapter, PO Box 5656, Wilmington, DE, 19808, 302-376-1990, www.ren.org/rende.html

Florida
Starburst, PO Box 6822, Clearwater, FL, 33756-6822, 727-523-8760

Trans Alliance of Gainesville, PO Box 143102, Gainesville, FL, 32614-3102

Mu Beta Gamma Tri-Ess, PO Box 4126, Hialeah, FL, 33014, 305-653-8088, geocities.com/Athens/Atrium/8168

North Florida Transgender Group (NFTG), 768 Day Ave, Jacksonville, FL, 32205, 904-384-8965

Animas, PO Box 420309, Miami, FL, 33242, NA

Evolve, 946 N Mills Ave, Orlando, FL, 32803, 407-228-8272

Emerald Coast/PANTRA, 8084 N. Davis Hwy E3, Pensacola, FL, 32514

Tampa 8ay Gender Alliance, 3708 Swann Ave, Tampa, FL, 33629, 813-985-3371

Gender Society of the Palm Beaches, c/o Compass, 7600 s. Dixie Highway, W. Palm Beach, FL, 33405, 561-533-9699, www.compassglcc.com

Phi Epsilon Mu, Tri-Ess, PO Box 3261, Winter Park, FL, 32790-3261, (407) 263-8978

Georgia
AGE, PO Box 160003, Atlanta, GA, 30316, 770-439-9769, www.genderatlanta.org/

Sigma Epsilon, Tri-Ess, PO Box 272, Rosewell, GA, 30077-0272, Unknown404-552-4415

Hawaii
Hawaii Transgendered Outreach, PO Box 8233, Honolulu, HI, 96830, 808-923-4270, www.newbies.net/htgo/

Iowa
Iowa Artistry, PO Box 75, Cedar Rapids, IA, 52406, N/A

Central Illinois Gender Assoc., PO Box 1925, Clinton, IA, 52733, 319-242-4405

QCAD Group, PO Box 1534, Davenport, IA, 52809, 319-323-5492

Idaho
Tri-States Transgender Group, PO Box 6691, Boise, ID, 83707, 208-368-8669

Illinois
Central Illinois Gender Assoc (CIGA), P.O. Box 3082, Champaign, IL, 60826-3082

Chicago Gender Society, PO Box 578005, Chicago, IL, 60657, 708-749-1202, www.chicagogender.com

Chi, Tri-Ess, PO Box 40, Wood Dale, IL,

60191-0040, 708-383-1677

Indiana
IXE, PO Box 20710, Indianapolis, IN, 46250, 317-971-6976, members.aol.com/ixe/fish/

Transgender Outreach of N. Indiana, Ltd., PO Box 2372, Portage, IN, 46368, 219-650-2142

Kansas
KCCAF (Kansas City Crossdressers & Friends), PO Box 4092, Overland Park, KS, 66204, 913-791-3847

Kentucky
8G8 Transgender Support, PO Box 20173, Louisville, KY, 40250, 502-346-5298, www.transgender.org/bgb/

Louisiana
Gulf Gender Alliance, PO Box 56836, New Orleans, LA, 70156-6836, (504) 943-1999, www.gga.org

Massachusetts
Sunshine Club, PO Box 564, Hadley, MA, 01035-0564, 413-586-5004, www.umass.edu/stonewall/sunshine/

Innvestments, PO Box 2194, Orleans, MA, 02653-3160, 508-563-3160, www.transgender.org/innv/

Tiffany Club of New England, Inc., PO Box 71, Waltham, MA, 02454-0071, 781-891-9325, www.tcne.org

COMPASS, PO Box 229, Waltham, MA, 02454-0229, 781-899-2212, www.ifge.org
TG Support Group, 36 Alpine Rd, Wayland, MA, 01778, 508-358-3512

Maryland
The 8ridge Club, PO Box 11737, Baltimore, MD, 21206-0337, na

Transgender Support Group of Baltimore, GLCC of Baltimore, 241 W. Chase St., Baltimore, MD, 21201, 410-837-5445 or 410-837-8888 (7-10pm)

Chi Epsilon Sigma, PO Box 505, Brooklandville, MD, 21022-0505, members.tripod.com/Chesapeake_Tri_Ess/

Washington-Baltimore Alliance, PO Box 1994, Silver Spring, MD, 20915, 301-649-3960, www.transgender.org/wba/contact/index.html

Maine
Maine Gender Resource & Support, c/o Jean Churchill, PO Box 1894, Bangor, ME, 04402-1894

Transsupport, PO Box 17622, Portland, ME, 04101

Michigan
After Six, PO Box 126, Comstock Park, MI, 49321

IME of Western Michigan, PO Box 1153, Grand Rapids, MI, 49501, Unknown

Lambda Mu, Tri-Ess, PO Box 246, Moline, MI, 49335-0246, carla93@juno.com, www.lambdamu.com

TransGender Michigan 517-347-3681, www.TransGenderMichiGan.org

Crossroads, PO Box 1245, Royal Oak, MI, 48068-1245, 313-537-3267

Friends North, Inc., PO Box 562, Traverse City, MI, 49685-0562, (616) 946-1804

Minnesota

Gender Education Center, PO Box 1861, Maple Grove, MN, 55311, 612-424-5445

City of Lakes Crossgender Community, PO Box 14844, Minneapolis, MN, 55414, 651-229-3613

Beta Gamma, Tri-Ess, PO Box 8591, Minneapolis, MN, 55408, 1-877-4triess, www.tri-ess.com

TransThursday, c/o District 202, 1601 Nicolett Ave South, Minneapolis, MN, 55403, 612-871-5559

Tau Epsilon Mu, PO Box 40126, St. Paul, MN, 55104, 1-877-487-4377, www.geocities.com/triessmn/

Missouri

TransSisters, 4004 Troost Ave., Kansas City, MO, 64110, 816-753-7816

St. Louis Gender Foundation, PO Box 9433, St. Louis, MO, 63117, 314-367-4128

Mississippi

Southern Belle Society, PO Box 3112, Gulfport, MS, 39505, members.xoom.com/RachelMc/

Montana

Western Montana GLBT Community Center, 615 Oak ST, Missoula, MT, 59801, gaymontana.com/wmgllcc

North Carolina

Phoenix Transgender Support, PO Box 18332, Asheville, NC, 28814, 828-669-3889

Kappa Beta, Tri-Ess, PO Box 12101, Charlotte, NC, 28220-2101, 704-565-5034, www.kappabeta.org

Carolina Transensual Alliance (CTA), 112 Edwardia, Charlotte, NC, 27409

Triad Gender Association, PO Box 2264, Jamestown, NC, 27282-2264, (336)454-1493

Sigma Rho Delta Tri-Ess, PO Box 90141, Raleigh, NC, 27675-0141, www.geocities.com/SigmaRhoDelta/

NC TG Unity, 3201 Huddleston Drive Apt 108, Raleigh, NC, 27612, 919-788-9830, www.geocities.com/nctgunity/

Nebraska

River City Gender Alliance, PO Box 8076, Omaha, NE, 68108, www.genderalliance.com

New Hampshire

Tri-Ess New England, PO Box 7681, Nashua, NH, 03060-7681 New Jersey

Chi Delta Mu, Tri-Ess, PO Box 1, River Edge, NJ, 07661-0001, 800-484-7593 (code 4985)

Epsilon Mu Gamma, PO Box 4, Three Bridges, NJ, 08887, 717-364-2949, www.transgender.org/emg/

Sigma Nu Rho, Tri-Ess, PO Box 9255, Trenton, NJ, 08650, (609) 392-1132

New Jersey Support, PO Box 9378, Trenton, NJ, 08650, 609-918-0603

New Mexico

Transgender Community Group, Meets at the University of New Mexico, Albuquerque, NM, 505-265-7655,

www.tgnm.net

Nevada

Transsexual Support Group, c/o Community Counseling Center, 1120 Almond Tree Lane, Las Vegas, NV, 702-369-8700

Transgender Supportand Advocacy, Nevada, 1120 Almond Tree Lane, Suite 207, Las Vegas, NV, 89108, (702) 392-2132, www.transgender.org/tg/vegas_tg/index.htm

Equinox, 8175 S Virginia, Suite 850-256, Reno, NV, 89511-8981, www.eqi.com/

New York

TGIC, PO Box 13604, Albany, NY, 12212-3604, 518-436-4513

Buffalo Belles, PO Box 1701, Amherst, NY, 14226, (716) 879-0973, www.geocities.com/WestHollywood/Village/3339/

Shades of Lavender, 502 Bergen St, Brooklyn, NY, 11217, 718-622-2910 ext-104

CrossDressers International, 404 W 40th St #2, New York, NY, 10018, 212-570-7389

Metropolitan Gender Network, 561 Hudson St., Box 45, New York, NY, 10014, 201-794-1665, ext. 332

Gender Identity Project at the Lesbian & Gay Community Services Center, One Little West 12th Street, New York, NY, 10014, 212-620-7310, www.gaycenter.org

CD*Network, PO Box 92055, Rochester, NY, 14692, 716-251-2132

Rochester Transgender organization, C/O Gay Alliance of the Genesee Valley, 179 Atlantic Avenue, Rochester, NY, 14607, 716-442-2425

Expressing Our Nature, Inc., c/o Pride Community Center, PO Box 6608, 745 N Salina St., Syracuse, NY, 13217-6608, 315-476-1658

LIFE, PO Box 1311, Watermill, NY, 11976-1311

MeNTA, c/o The Loft 180 E Post Rd LL, White Plains, NY, 10601, 914-948-2987, www.geocities.com/WestHollywood/Club/9166/

Ohio

Crossport, PO Box 1692, Cincinnati, OH, 45204, 513-919-4850, www.transgender.org/crossprt/crossprt.htm

Paradise Club, PO Box 29564, Cleveland, OH, 44129, 216-586-9292, www.tgfmall.com/tg/para

Crystal Club, PO Box 287, Reynoldsburg, OH, 43068-0287, 614-844-5371, www.tgender.net/cc

Alpha Omega, PO Box 2053, Sheffield Lake, OH, 44054-0053, 216-556-0067, www.triess-alphaomega.org

Oklahoma

Gender Outreach of Oklahoma, P.O. Box 2687, Tulsa, OK, 74101, 918-743-4297, www.koolpages.com/genderok/

Oregon

Rho Gamma, PO Box 5551, Grants Pass, OR, 97527

Intermountain Transgender Outreach, 1524 Monroe Ave., La Grande, OR, 97850, 541-962-3466

Northwest Gender Alliance, PO Box 4928, Portland, OR, 97208, 503-646-2802, www.nwgapdx.org

Pennsylvania

Renaissance - Lehigh Valley, PO Box 3624, Allentown, PA, 18106, 610-821-2955

Erie Sisters, 1903 West 8th St #261, Erie, PA, 16505

Renaissance, Lower Susquehanna Valley, PO Box 2122, Harrisburg, PA, 17105-2122, 717-780-1578, www.ezonline.com/lsv/

Transpitt, PO Box 3214, Pittsburgh, PA, 15230, 412-422-1558, www.transpitt.org

TSG (Transsexual Support Group), 6020 Penn Circle South, Pittsburgh, PA, 15206, 412-661-7030

Renaissance, Greater Philadelphia, 987 Old Eagle School Road, Suite 719, Wayne, PA, 19087, 610-975-9119, www.ren.org

Tennessee

Swans, PO Box 12701, Knoxville, TN, 37912-2701, www.transgender.org/swans/index.html

Mirror Image, PO Box 11052, Memphis, TN, 38111-1052

Tennessee Vals, PO Box 92335, Nashville, TN, 37209, 615-664-6883, www.transgender.org/tg/tvals/

Texas

West Texas Gender Alliance, c/o Tami Maloney, 5350 Llano St., Abilene, TX, 79605

Central Texas Transgender Society, PO Box 300487, Austin, TX, 78705, 512-452-1145, www.cttgs.org

Texas Assoc. for Transsexual Support (T.A.T.S.), PO Box 142, Bellaire, TX, 77401, 281-437-2975, www.genderweb.org/tats

Alpha Tau, PO Box 1398, Georgetown, TX, 78627

Gulf Coast Transgender Community, PO Box 66643, Houston, TX, 77266, 713-780-GCTC (4282)

Spouses & Partners International Conference for Education (SPICE), 8880 Bellaire 82 #104, Houston, TX, 77036, 713-347-8747

Tau Chi, Tri-Ess, 8800 Bellaire 82, Ste. 104, Houston, TX, 77036, 713-988-8064

Metroplex CD Club, PO Box 141924, Irving, TX, 75014-1924, 972-264-7103, www.flash.net/omega

Austin Second Image, PO Box 679, Leander, TX, 78641, 512-515-5460

Epsilon Tau, Tri-Ess, PO Box 945, New Waverly, TX, 77358, 409-344-6014

Nu Epsilon Tau, PO Box 14096, Pantego, TX, 76094, 214-490-5738

Utah

An Engendered Species, PO box 11897, Salt Lake City, UT, 84147, 801-364-0136

Western Transsexuals Support Network, 4667 Holladay Blvd, #2, Salt Lake City, UT, 84117, 801-277-8025, home.earthlink.net/bethann4B/utah/index.html

Virginia

Transgender Education Association, PO Box 16036, Arlington, VA, 22215, 301-

949-3822, www.tgea.net

Washington

Bellingham Gender Group, PO Box 2004, Bellingham, WA, 98227, 360-445-3461, www.bellinghamgendergroup.org

Washington Gender Alliance, PO Box 2261, Bellingham, WA, 98227

Emerald City, PO Box 31318, Seattle, WA, 98103, 425-827-9494

Ingersoll Gender Center, 1812 E. Madison, Suite 106, Seattle, WA, 98122-2843, 206-329-6651 Fax 206-860-6064, www.ingersollcenter.org

Wisconsin

Gemini Gender Group, P.O.Box 44211, Milwaukee, WI, 53214, 414-297-9328

West Virginia

The Valley Girls, P.O.Box 181, Dunbar, WV, 25064-0181, www.pridewv.com/tvg

Trans-West Virginia, PO Box 2322, Huntington, WV, 25724

CANADA

Alberta

Illusions Social Club, PO Box 2000, Calgary T2C-1B4, 403-486-9661,

Phi Sigma, Tri-Ess, Box 8115, 755 Lake Bonavista Dr. S.E. T2C-1B4

British Columbia

Kootenays Support Group, Box 270, Rossland, VoG 1Y0, 250-362-5701,

Cornbury Society, PO Box 3745, Vancouver, V68-3Z1, N/A,

Zenith Foundation, Box 46, 8415 Granville St., Vancouver, V6P 4Z9

Transcend Transgender Support & Education Society, PO Box B673, Victoria, V8X 3S2, (250) 413-3220

Manitoba

Maskerade, c/o 832 Corydon Ave., Winnipeg, R3M 0Y2

Ontario

Ottawa TS Discussion Group, PO Box 42067, RPO St Laurent, Ottawa K1K 4L8

Gender Metaphor, PO Box 27097, Ottawa, K1J 9L9

Chrysalis, 349A George St. N, Suite 206, Peterborough, K9H 3P9

Xpressions, PO Box 223, Station A, Toronto, M5W 1B2, 416-410-6949, www.Xpressions.org

S.O.S. Club, 519 Church St, Toronto, M4Y 2C9, (416)-392-6874, webhome.idirect.com/players

Gender Mosaic, PO Box 7421, Vanier, K1L-8E4, (819) 770-1945, www.geocities.com/WestHollywood/9630/

Quebec

Action Santé: Travesti(e)s et Transsexuel(le)s du Québec, 1626 Rue St-Hubert, Montreal, (514) 847-0067, Club MET, 4113 Dorion St., Montreal, H2K-3B8, ,

Profile... cont'd.

Ellen had a locker in the same facility, so we got to know each other a little better.

LL: Did you start to do more things with her?

Dana: That December Ellen invited me to go shopping with her during the day as Dana. My previous outings in public were very brief and limited. This was going to be an all day shopping trip and I think having a friend with me made all the difference in the world. Yet, somehow, even though I was getting pretty good at looking like Dana, I was still afraid everyone could see my male self. Like a lot of us, I was afraid of being read, noticed, and ridiculed.

LL: We are our own worst enemy. Since we know the "truth" we tend to imagine that everyone else does. Most people don't notice and those who do usually don't care. I bet it turned out fine, didn't it?

Dana: Fortunately, yes. In fact, after seeing how relaxed Ellen was I started to relax a bit more myself, although for most of the trip I felt somewhat removed from reality, yet excited all at the same time. To my surprise, the salespeople were very comfortable with Ellen and I as well. We stopped at a wig shop and Ellen helped me pick out a human hair wig. It was very expensive but it just had Dana written all over it. It was so natural. So this one excursion and the new hair gave me newly found courage to go out on my own.

LL: It is better to go out en femme when you feel like it's all working. Bad hair can be enough to keep you in the house. You have a very lovely feminine voice. That helps with public interaction. How did you achieve that?

Dana: I ordered the *Melanie Speaks* tape and guess what? It came in the mail on September 11th!

LL: Oh no!

Dana: Yes, that day will now stick in my mind forever as the day the U.S. was attacked by terrorists, and the beginning of a new phase in my development as Dana. Working on my voice, was hard at first until I realized I could "cross speak" anytime I was alone, like in the car. I practiced several hours a day that way and after several months I got to a voice I was starting to feel good about. I also discovered that Dana had a lot to say and it was hard to shut her up once she got going.

LL: How does it work?

Dana: It's really a lot more than just learning to "disguise" your voice. I discovered the voice of my inner

feminine self that I had previously only experienced in one dimension. I also discovered how wonderfully more expressive I could be talking as a woman. I really enjoy the added range of emotion that comes with speaking as a woman. I highly recommend this to anyone who is truly serious about exploring his inner feminine self. I have to say though that I began to get a little obsessed with my newly found feminine voice.

LL: What effect did that have on your wife?

Dana: Things were not going so well with my spouse. Mostly since we had been sweeping the crossdressing issue under the rug for some time.

LL: What did you do?

Dana: We started couples counseling, which helped a great deal and I also started individual counseling to find out just what was going on with Dana. I had crossdressed most of my life but now Dana was starting to take on a life of her own. When I dressed, I felt I was really becoming Dana and she was becoming me. It turned out she has been with me my whole life and beyond. First off, I was glad to find out that I did not have a multiple personality disorder but rather that Dana was just a part of me.

LL: "And Beyond?"

Dana: Through hypnosis I discovered that I had a recent past life as a woman.

LL: Really?

Dana: Lots of details came out about my past, including things like my name, husband, kids, where I lived, the type of job I had and what my life was like. I also found out that the girl who appeared my childhood dream was actually the girl from my past life. Well I'm not saying I believe all this but it just felt right and it was comforting to know more about Dana. It all began to make sense to me.

LL: That must have made you more comfortable.

Dana: Yes, around this time I started going out as Dana more and more. The couples counseling has helped my wife to understand I need to spend time as Dana and helped me to be more present to my family in my male role.

LL: So your crossdressing schedule has changed?

Dana: About every two weeks I spend a few hours as Dana shopping at a mall and going out for lunch. And once a month, I get out to a TG function, usually at a local bar that has a special T night. There are lots more of these now than just a couple of years ago. I am even getting more comfortable with my voice as Dana. It's not unusual now for me to



or express my emotions. Sometimes it's just a simple thing like just being able to smile and say, "thank you so much." Often I notice how caring and helpful women are and I am learning, through Dana, to find these qualities in myself.

LL: Well your lady like qualities are certainly evident and I hope you'll be an inspiration to others who read this interview. Thanks so much for talking to us.

Dana: Like I said, I've wanted to be a LadyLike cover girl since I was a little girl, and that wasn't so long ago.

LL

have casual conversations with sales people and women that I happen to meet while shopping. I have noticed that women are more likely to start up these little conversations with total strangers.

LL: Women will talk to other women more readily than a guy will talk to another guy. Being able to do that is a good goal for a TG if they are interested in passing.

Dana: Its hard to know if I am "passing" but recently when I used my male credit card in a pinch I was asked if it was my husband's card. That felt really good. I think it's all up to you and if you feel comfortable with yourself, then other people will feel comfortable too and have no reason suspect that anything is not what it seems. It's also a lot like



acting... you really have to become the part you are playing. Dana is just another role I play. It's one that gives me great pleasure. I really love being in this other world that women seem to enjoy. As a woman I can let down my guard and not be afraid to ask for directions



Roxxane Van Ness

commenced stressing that every cluster of pedestrians would read me I crossed the street to avoid one group. (No one reacted.) I sneaked past another. (Ditto.) Reaching the entrance, I came face to face with several individuals, male and female. Nervous, I failed to gauge how femininely I opened the door. (In any case, I elicited neither peer nor gawk.) More people roamed about. A few were seated. No double-takes ensued!) Evidently, I needn't have worried, as bystanders ranged from the clueless-and/or-disinterested to the perceptive-but-accommodating! Awesome!

Unlike her male counterpart, "Kathleen" took the escalator to the second floor. (I brushed the hair along the way, but the upper lip would have to wait.) Entering the lobby, I somehow began grinning uncontrollably! Akin to a Cheshire cat! (Golly, I know a warm smile adds to a gal's sex appeal, but I was totally trampling the bounds of good taste! Hey, I felt overjoyed just to be on the premises.) The ticket-taker (billet brandisher? stubseparator? whoever) turned out to be tres polite! (Reciprocating his friendly greeting, I whimpered a pitch-neutral "Bonsoir." Well, it was a start.) Heck, even a security guard didn't glare at me sideways! Wow! This was **so** surreal!

Be that as it may, it proved totally disappointing to enter the dark environment and find a paltry four-person "crowd" - two women and their young daughters - in attendance. In my opinion, a minimum of 30 or so patrons would have provided a true test for my girlie guise. Regrettably, forever in the throes of timidity, I slithered to a seat by the opposite wall.

In no mood for more hassles, I sat through the entire movie without removing my coat. (I didn't perspire, luckily.) For the record, a couple of male cinema employees entered the auditorium briefly and shared a giggle - yet I couldn't say whether the incident was related to my presence.

Really, I should have concentrated on the film. Instead, I kept concerning myself with my upper lip and hair! (Would either faux-pas blow my cover?) Thankfully, in due time, I powdered the former and brushed the latter. (Come to think of it, in my frazzled state of mind, maybe I brushed the former and...) Ironically, while I tried to maintain an air of puellar propriety ankles crossed and all - the little girls engaged in sporadic fussing, fidgeting, and fumbling about! (Brats.)

I'd have loved to join Britney and friends as they sang along to "Man, I Feel Like a Woman" - my unofficial anthem! (After all, I'd frequently accompanied the likes of Barbra, Whitney, Annie, and, yes, Celine, hadn't I?) Yet any womanly warbling failed to exceed a few lackluster lines! (All the pre and post-departure snags had indeed set the

tone for this girl's night out.) In the final analysis, the evening proved an unmitigated bust! (Make that a 40B.)

Even when I lagged behind for the closing credits, my mood remained one of acute apprehension. The quartet had left - only to loiter in the lobby! This sorry turn of events compelled me to pass one and all on the way out! (Shit!) Well, you guessed it. Backs semi-turned, they didn't give me a second thought. (Somebody at the candy counter belted out one guffaw, yet there was no reason to assume...) As I gingerly negotiated the long stairway to the ground floor, I heard the same rambunctious kids trotting down behind me! (Yeeks!) No, they were racing their mothers to the bottom - not chasing yours truly. (What was with me, anyway?) I left via the rear exit. (Hopeless!)

The late-night homeward trek promised to be a formality. So why was I employing my umbrella as a shield, i.e., as a way to hide my face? Hello! (The odd person did happen along, and nothing went wrong!) In retrospect, *maybe* I shouldn't have rinsed off the beauty mask. Duh!

LL



Mirror



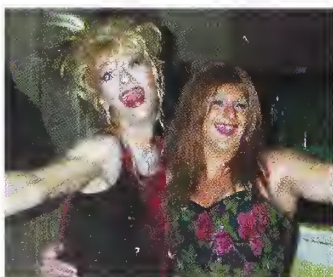
▲ Cindy, WA



▲ Beverly, Flint, MI FWD 3903



▲ Betty Ann, GA



▲ Sarah & Stephanie



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▼ JoAnn C., joannc413@aol.com



Send Your
Photos!



▲ Hey little schoolgirl! Roxy Wilson goes back to school... to do a talk on crossdressing.



▲ C.D. Brown, Vancouver, BC



▲ Or own little sailor girl, Melissa Franks, PA
(Yes, it was Halloween.)

▼ Amanda Richards with holiday gift.



▼ Candy!



▼ Jennifer Johns, PA



▼ Kerry Miranda... oops, Sorrell, PA



Bound, Gagged and Mewing

ing." "A spanking, me," I replied, in genuine surprise. "You mean you want to put me across your knee?" "An old fashioned over-the-knee spanking, you've earned," carefully enunciating each word. I couldn't believe what I was hearing, coming from my Steve, and without any prompting. He stood up, went to the kitchen and returned with a straight backed chair. It was my turn to watch the proceedings with incredulity. He placed the chair in the middle of the room and sat down, ram-rod straight back, knees together. "Get over my knee," he commanded sternly, "and be quick about it." I got up with all the dignity I could muster, walked over to him and draped myself over his lap. "Don't you think, I'm a little too old for this?" I said, beginning to enjoy the game. "You?" he said in mock astonishment, "you've got to be kidding." He adjusted me briefly over his lap, and, holding me in place with his left hand, brought his right hand, palm down, hard on my upturned bottom. "Ow, ouch," I shrieked, "that hurts." It was followed by another, and another. The room soon reverberated with my shrieks and yelps. His hand beat a steady, rhythmic drumbeat on my upturned bottom, like the cracking of a whip each time it connected which, together with my shrieks of pain - and joy - must have been heard half-way down the street. I squirmed and twisted over his lap, my slip and panties offering no protection from the stinging smacks. Kicking and arching my legs and squealing with sheer delight, I was about to climax, when, after what seemed like an age, he finally stopped and let me up.

I stood up and rubbed my burning bottom, what a fantastic feeling. Tears ran down my cheeks. "Oh God, Steve," I whispered huskily, "you're a changed man." We held each other tightly. Our lips met, and in the first time in our relationship, we kissed passionately. Then he scooped me up in his arms and carried me upstairs to the bedroom.

Steve laid me down gently on the bed. "Take off your clothes and get under the covers," he ordered. "Yes, darling, I replied meekly; I took off my slip, bra, panties and pantyhose and got under the covers, pulling the sheet up

under my chin. Steve undressed quickly, and soon we were under the covers entwining our naked bodies together in passionate embrace. He was gentle in his love-making, stroking my long hair over my breasts and kissing my face and breasts all over. Then, he entered me. My body shook and convulsed in ecstasy. I sighed, moaned, "Steve, Steve," I whispered, "that was wonderful, darling? We held each other tight, our rapid breathing slowly subsiding. "Slow it down a little," I whispered in his ear. Steve sat up suddenly, swung his legs over the edge of the bed, and stood up. "Where are you going, dear," I said, startled by his sudden move. He scooped up my panties and pantyhose off the floor and grabbed hold of a scarf from the top of my dresser, before coming back to bed. "What are you doing," I asked, puzzled. I should have guessed. He reached over and, grabbing me by the hair, brought my head back, and forced the panties into my mouth. Then, he tied the panties firmly in place with the pantyhose, knotted securely behind my neck. I shook my head in protest and mewed as vigorously as the gag allowed. I had done a lot of mewing today, the thought flashed across my mind. "Save your breath, sweetheart," he said and, turning me over on my stomach, crossed my wrists behind me and tied them tightly with the scarf. Then, coming up with another scarf from somewhere, he bound my ankles. I was totally surprised. It all happened so quickly. One minute I was lying in bed in my lover's arms, the next minute I was securely bound and gagged, again. I writhed, bucked and mewed, surprised, but not unpleasantly, at my situation. Steve stroked my hair; "relax, darling, calm down," he said gently. "You need to be silenced," he declared, "you talk too much*" I relaxed and gave him a sexy mew. "If you promise to be a good girl and not give me anymore grief, I'll remove your gag, in a little while," he added. "You look sexy, bound and gagged," he said, "I think I'll just leave you like that for the time being."

I looked directly at him and gave him my prettiest and sexiest mew. Never again would I criticize my darling's lovemaking.



On My Mind...

Forgive me for this brief note. I had four hundred things to juggle these last three months, not the least of which was a residence move which did not go smoothly. As I write this I am still not connected to

the net after a week in the new digs. Aughhh!

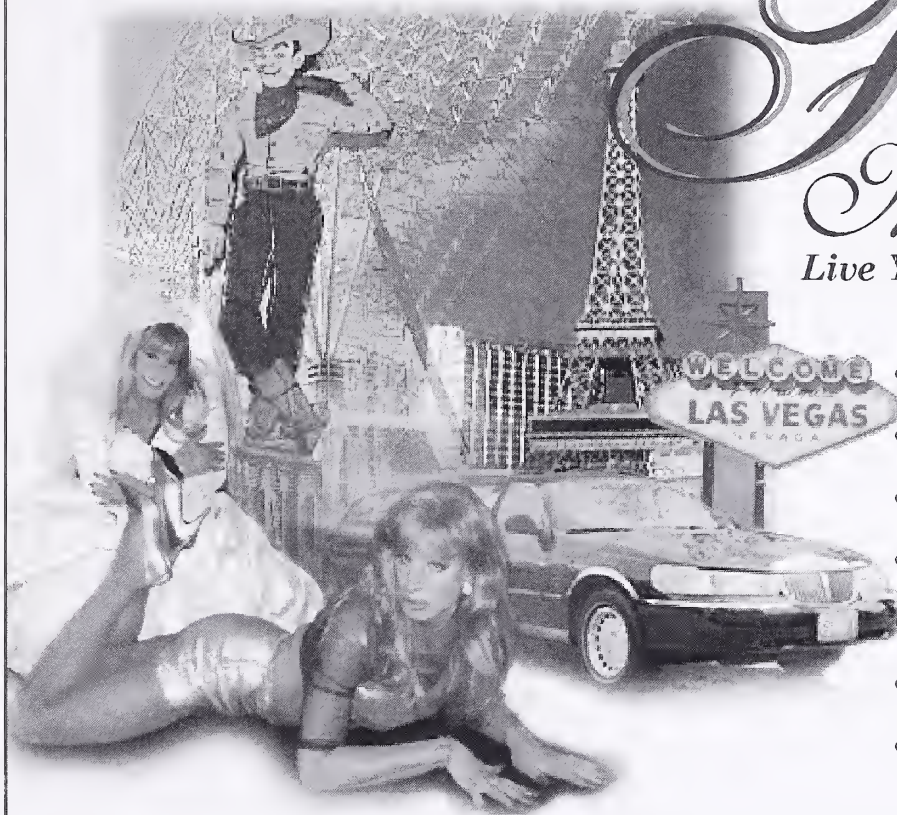
Thank the goddess for Angela. She did this entire issue with almost no help from me. I think it turned out super. I've always said that you really only need one or two true friends in life to get by. I count Angela as one of my truest. Thanks Angela from the bottom of my heart.

I'll be back next issue bending your ear about something or other. Until then, stay frosty!

— JoAnn

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